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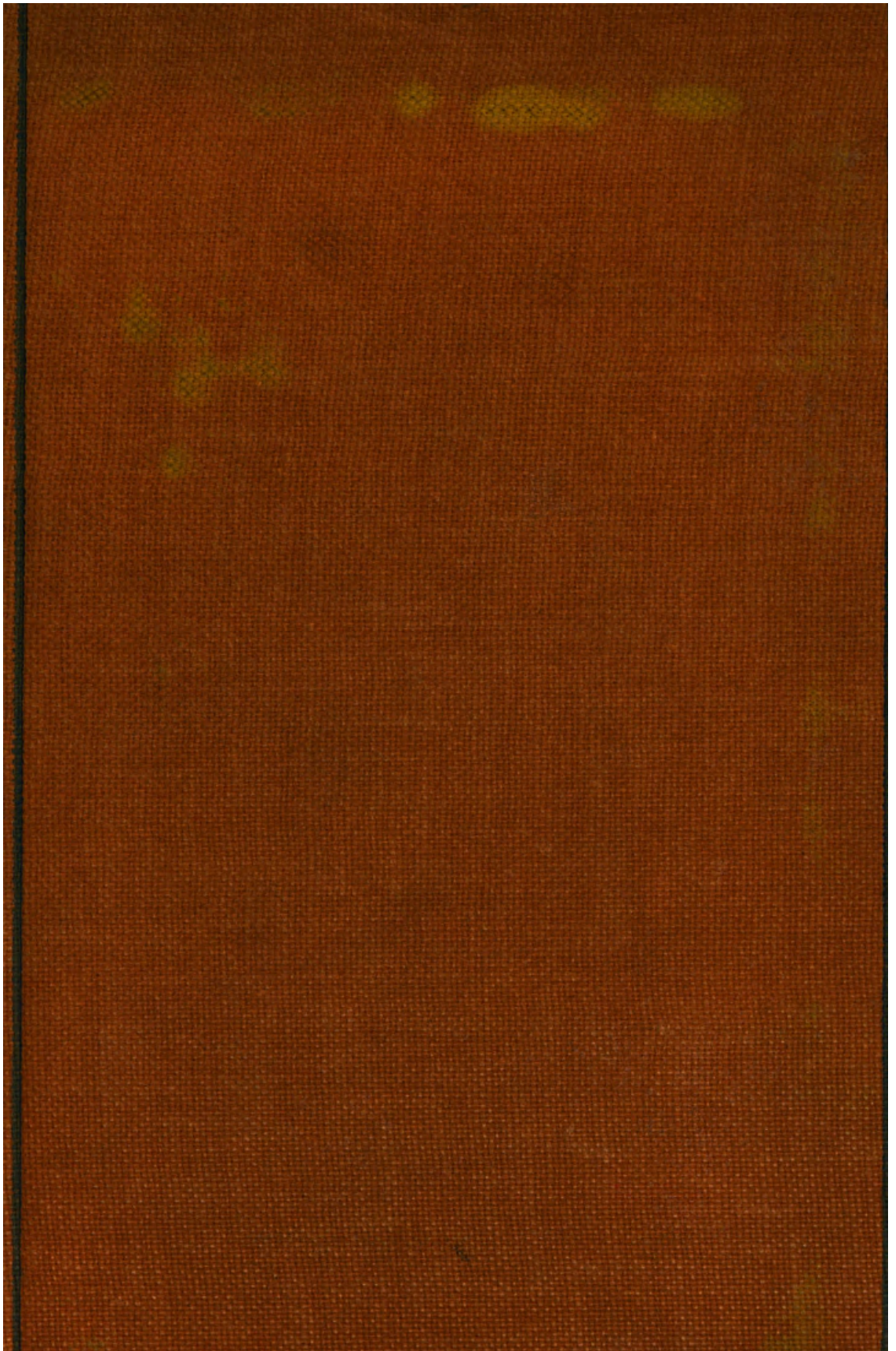
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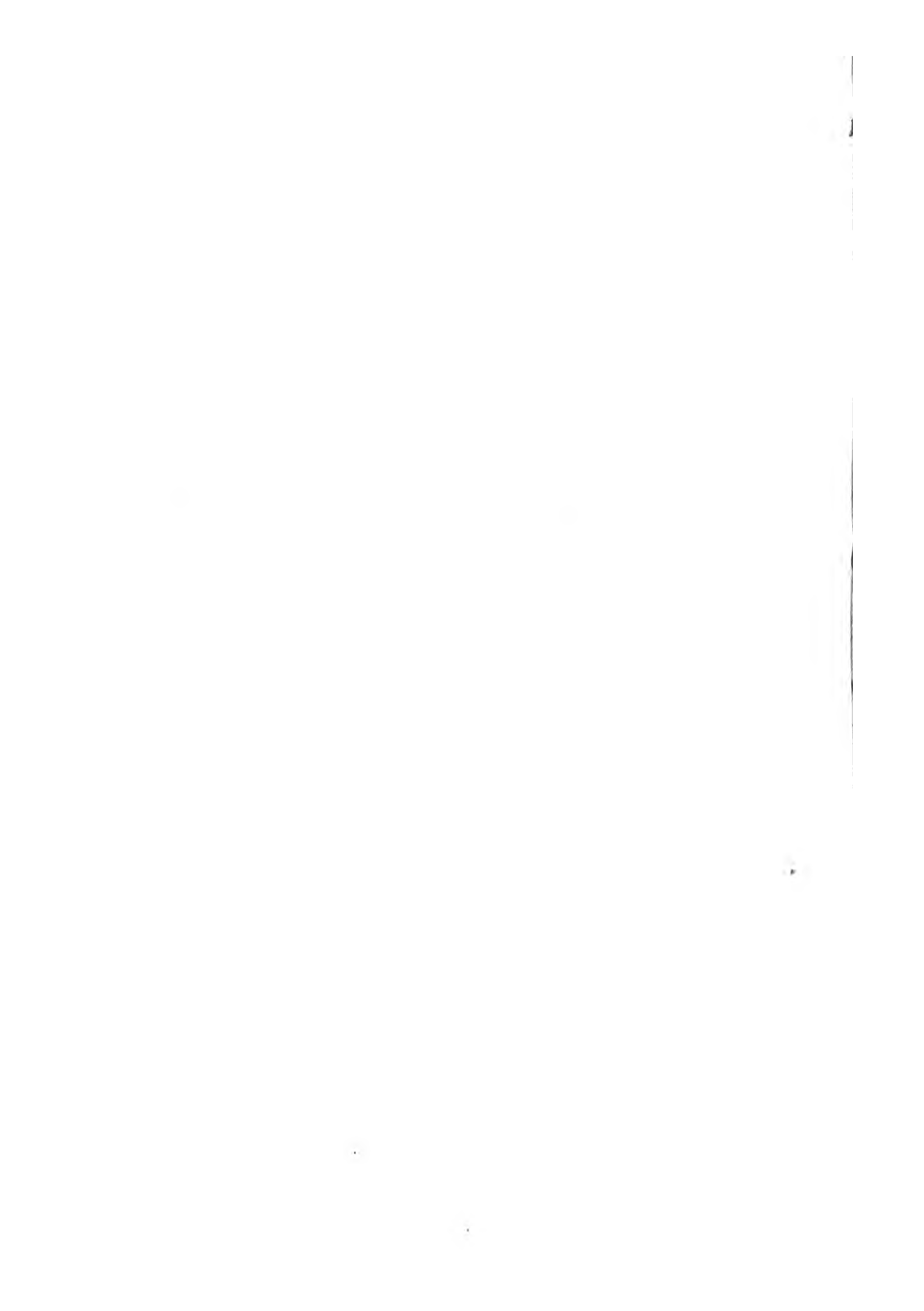
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M. adds. 108 e. 167







P O L L Y
A N O P E R A







John Gay.
after an engraving by Chapman
from a painting.

OLLY:

A N

P E R A.

THE SECOND PART
OF THE
G G A R ' S O P E R A.

Written by Mr. Gay.

Foreword by OSWALD DOUGHTY, M.A.
Lecturer in English, University Collège, London

*Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede paena claudo.*

Hor.

LONDON:

NIEL O'CONNOR

90, Great Russell Street, W.C.1

MCMXXII.



John Gay.
an engraving by Latimer
from a busting

POLLY:

A N

O P E R A .

BEING THE SECOND PART
OF THE
BEGGAR'S OPERA.

Written by Mr. Gay.

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F O R E W O R D

THE POLITICAL squabbles of the Eighteenth Century in England differed in at least one respect from those of our own day; they influenced literature and were in turn influenced by it. Never before or since have the relations between writers and politicians been so intimate as in the age sometimes called Augustan. In the works of Pope and Swift we see politics shaping literature of high rank in its kind, while in John Gay (1685—1732) we see a secondary writer raised largely by the political effects of his writings to a position of immediate and great, if only temporary, importance.

As this is not the place in which to discuss Gay's life in detail, we must pass lightly over his career. By reason of consistent good fortune and a somewhat slender poetic talent, Gay raised himself from the humble post of a silk-mercantile apprentice to that of poet and playwright and hanger-on to certain of the aristocracy. Despite his easy-going, spendthrift nature, so successful were his works that, even after severe losses in the South Sea Bubble, he left at his death a fortune of some six thousand pounds. Easily depressed, ever ready to repine at the slightest temporary reverse of a life undeservedly fortunate, Gay remained until the end in a state of semi-dependence upon his artistic and aristocratic friends, Swift, Pope, and Arbuthnot, and the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry. With that scarcely deserved largess which fate delighted to bestow upon him, he received at his death an ornate burial in Westminster Abbey, at which Pope, Chesterfield, and others acted as pallbearers.

It was in the year 1728, during Sir Robert Walpole's administration, that Gay achieved fame and fortune by the production and immediate success of his *Beggar's Opera*. Its popularity, due to a fortunate combination of dramatic and political interest with musical and spectacular charm, was so great that the fashionable ladies of the day decorated their fans and the screens of their drawing-rooms with songs from the play.¹ Nor was the author's success limited to the sphere of merely abstract praise. It brought with it a financial profit to Gay of nearly £800, while Rich, the producer, made £4,000, so that the wits of the day referred to it as the play "which made Gay rich and Rich gay."²

Gay's motives in writing *The Beggar's Opera* must be sought in the circumstances of his life. The genial poet was endowed with considerable powers of self-deception, and this attack upon political corruption and loose morals was not indeed conceived in so entirely altruistic a spirit as he fondly imagined. Again and again he had tried to obtain court preferment, but without success, save for the grant of a lottery commissionership worth £150 a year made to him by Walpole in 1723,³ and, despite his opposition to the Government, not revoked until 1731.⁴ Upon the death of George I. in 1727 and the accession of the Prince of Wales to the throne, Gay expected, as a reward for his services, a lucrative post at court. He was, however, offered nothing better than the position of "gentleman-usher" to the youngest princess, Louisa, at £150 a year. The post was probably a sinecure, but conceiving himself to be slighted he indignantly rejected it.⁵

Having failed to secure influence and fortune by subservi-

¹ Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, ed. G. B. Hill, Oxford, 1905, 3 vols., ii., 277.

² *Ibid.*, ii., 275.

³ Swift's *Correspondence*, ed. F. E. Ball, 6 vols., London, 1910-14, iii., 155. (February 3, 1723.)

⁴ "Gay is said to have remained until that year a commissioner of the lottery." Swift's *Correspondence*, iv., 206, note 3.

⁵ Pope's *Works*, ed. Elwin and Courthope, 10 vols., London, 1871-1889, vii., 103.

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ence to the powers that be, he adopted a high moral standard and placed himself at the head of outraged virtue.

“As I am used to disappointments, I can bear them; but as

“I can have no more hopes, I can no more be disappointed,

“so that I am in a blessed condition;”

he writes to Swift on October 22, 1727.¹

Fortified by that stoicism which came long afterwards to James Thomson in “The City of Dreadful Night,” realising that

“No hope could have no fear”

(but still retaining his commissionership of lotteries), Gay led virtue’s attack on vice in high places, by presenting to the public *The Beggar’s Opera*.

Political allusions in it were everywhere recognised with delight by Walpole’s opponents. In the cynical, libertine highwayman Macheath, and his gang, they saw the first Minister of the day and his followers; in Lucy Lockit and Polly Peachum they saw Walpole’s wife and mistress, the latter being Maria Skerrett, “a very pretty young woman,” as Lord Hervey describes her.² Walpole soon realised that in the popular play then running its course of sixty-two nights, his whole administration was being so presented as to excite the ridicule and contempt of the town, and appreciating as he did the political value of public opinion, he saw a real danger to himself in the work of Gay.

That genial poet, now prosperous as well as famous, was not slow in attempting to follow up his success, and immediately set to work to write a sequel to *The Beggar’s Opera*, which he entitled *Polly*.

Not until almost half a century later was the play destined to appear on the stage, and Gay himself was never to see it. For the anger aroused by *The Beggar’s Opera* amongst the partisans

¹ Pope’s *Works*, ed. Elwin and Courthope, 10 vols., London, 1871–1889, vii., 103.

² *Memoirs*, ed. J. W. Croker, 2 vols., London, 1848, i., 115.

of Walpole had been great, and surely if slowly, the forces of the Government were rallying to counter the attack of the witty poet. *The Beggar's Opera* had been first produced at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre on Monday, January 29, 1728.¹ Shortly afterwards, at Lincoln's Inn Chapel, Dr. Thomas Herring, then Court Chaplain and later successively Archbishop of York and of Canterbury, denounced the play as immoral and provocative of crime.²

"I suppose you must have heard," Gay wrote to Swift on May 16, 1728, "that I have had the honour to have had "a sermon preached against my works by a court chaplain, "which I look upon as no small addition to my fame."³

It is clear that the underlying cause of this counter-attack was the political effect of the play; but a charge of immorality voiced by the Church provided a convenient pretext for Government interference, and was helpful in turning the tables upon the pretended advocate of political virtue. The result was that when in December, 1728, *Polly* was ready for presentation, it was forbidden by the Lord Chamberlain, who did not even condescend to give any reason for his action.⁴ Gay received the order of prohibition on December 12, but in a letter of his to Swift, written ten days before, we see portents of the coming storm.

"I have had a very severe attack of a fever, which by the "care of our friend Dr. Arbuthnot, hath, I hope, now almost "left me. I have been confined about ten days, but never to "my bed, so that I hope soon to get abroad about my business, "which is, the care of the second part of the *Beggar's Opera*, "which was almost ready for rehearsal, but Rich received

¹ *V. Daily Journal*, February 1, 1728.

² *V. Mist's Weekly Journal*, March 30, 1728. *Letters from Dr. Herring to William Duncombe*. London, 1777, p. 3, Note, and Appendix. *Seven Sermons by Dr. Herring*. London, 1763, Preface, pp. v-xvi. *V.* also *London Journal*, March 30 and April 20, 1728.

³ *Swift's Correspondence*, iv., 33.

⁴ *V.* Gay's Preface to *Polly*, *infra*, p. v.

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“the Duke of Grafton’s commands, upon an information he
 “was rehearsing a play improper to be represented, not to
 “rehearse any new play whatever, till his Grace hath seen it.
 “What will become of it I know not, but I am sure I have
 “written nothing that can be legally suppressed, unless the
 “setting vices in general in an odious light, and virtue in an
 “amiable one, may give offence. I passed five or six months
 “this year at the Bath with the Duchess of Marlborough,
 “and then, in the view of taking care of myself, writ this
 “piece. If it goes on in case of success, I have taken care to
 “make better bargains for myself. I tell you this because I
 “know you are so good to interest yourself in my affairs, that
 “it is what you would want to know.”¹

Whatever may have been Gay’s dominant motive in writing *The Beggar’s Opera*, this letter certainly suggests that the primary cause of *Polly* was the desire to secure another popular theatrical triumph with financial profit in its train. And this supposition is consistent with Gay’s character.

The particular occasion of the poet’s indignation is shown in *Polly* by his constant allusions to politicians. But the allusions are vague and general, not personal, and only an uneasy conscience could be seriously disturbed by them. The play can be intelligently read apart from all attempts to “fit the cap” upon contemporaries of Gay. There is indeed a touch of sincerity in the poet’s protestations of innocence inserted in the preface to *Polly*, which in the circumstances should not be ignored.²

¹ December 2, 1728. Swift’s *Correspondence*, iv., 51-2.

² Croker, speaking of *Polly*, says: “The piece seems to me to be as free from all political allusion as it is destitute of any kind of dramatic merit.” He admits the political significance of *The Beggar’s Opera*, but can see none in *Polly*, and adds: “Nor can I understand why the latter should have been prohibited, except to punish the author for his former sallies. Gay in a preface, asserts that he had no satirical design, and certainly the printed piece justifies his statement.”—Hervey’s *Memoirs*, ed. Croker, i., 121, note.

Another critic says: “What could be the reason for such a prohibition, it is not very easy to discover, unless we imagine it to have been by way of revenge for the numerous strokes of satire on the court, etc., which shone forth in the first part, or some private pique to the author himself; for the opera before us is so totally innocent of either satire, wit, plot or execution, that had not Mr. Gay declaredly published it as his, it would, I think, have been difficult to have persuaded the world that their favourite *Polly* could ever have so greatly degenerated from those charms which first brought

But such disputes usually spread and involve others in the fray, and Gay's was no exception. When, unable to present his play on the boards of the theatre, he determined to publish it, his never-failing friend and benefactor the Duchess of Queensberry rushed to his aid, and incidentally provided the "sensation" of the season for London society.

"Among the remarkable occurrences of this winter," says Lord Hervey, "I cannot help relating that of the Duchess of Queensberry being forbid the Court, and the occasion of it. One Gay, a poet, had written a ballad opera, which was thought to reflect a little upon the Court, and a good deal upon the Minister. It was called the 'Beggar's Opera,' had a prodigious run, and was so extremely pretty in its kind, that even those who were most glanced at in the satire had prudence enough to disguise their resentment by chiming in with the universal applause with which it was performed. Gay who had attached himself to Mrs. Howard, and been disappointed of preferment at Court, finding this couched satire upon those to whom he imputed his disappointment succeed so well, wrote a second part to this opera, less pretty but more abusive and so little disguised, that Sir Robert Walpole resolved, rather than suffer himself to be produced for thirty nights together upon the stage in the person of a highwayman, to make use of his

them into love with her, or that the author of *The Beggar's Opera* was capable of so poor a performance as the piece before us." *Biographia Dramatica*, by D. E. Baker, 2 vols., London, 1782, ii., 287.

Some more modern critics adopt a different attitude to *Polly*.

"The satire which marked *The Beggar's Opera* was even more pointed and more severe in its sequel, *Polly*, and this fact did not escape the attention of the authorities." *Gay's Poems*, ed. John Underhill, 2 vols., London, n.d., Introductory Memoir, p. lvii.

"It cannot be denied that there was adequate ground for the Lord Chamberlain's veto. In 'The Beggar's Opera' Gay had beyond all question lampooned Walpole, and in 'Polly' he returned to the attack, there being no doubt that in the opening scene, Ducat, the West Indian planter, was intended for the Minister."—*Life and Letters of John Gay*, by Lewis Melville, London, 1921, p. 99.

Cf. Hervey's remark that the second part of the opera was "less pretty but more abusive," *ut supra*, and Genest's criticism—"There can be no doubt of it having been forbidden to be acted, not so much for anything contained in it, as out of a mean, dirty, pitiful spirit of revenge for the honest and open satire of the *Beggar's Opera*."—*Some Account of the English Stage*, 10 vols., Bath, 1832, iii., 245.

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“friend the Duke of Grafton’s authority as Lord Chamberlain to put a stop to the representation of it. Accordingly this *Theatrical Craftsman*¹ was prohibited at every playhouse. Gay, irritated at this bar thrown in the way both of his interest and his revenge, zested the work with some supplemental invectives, and resolved to print it by subscription.”²

Hervey then relates how the Duchess of Queensberry set herself at the head of the undertaking, requesting subscriptions for *Polly* wherever she went.

Lady Catherine Hyde, Duchess of Queensberry, that
Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untamed,

of whom Prior had sung in *The Female Phaeton*, was now recognised as one of the leading beauties of the Court. Her zeal in Gay’s cause brought embarrassment to many who were ashamed to refuse the request of the fascinating Duchess for a subscription, and yet feared to comply. She collected from all at Court, pressed even the King’s servants into her train, and extended her sphere of activity as far as the Queen’s apartment and the drawing-room. It was in the drawing-room that disaster befell her.

“The King,” says Hervey, “when he came into the drawing-room, seeing her Grace very busy in a corner with three or four men asked her what she had been doing. She answered, ‘What must be agreeable she was sure, to anybody so humane as his Majesty, for it was an act of charity, and a charity to which she did not despair of bringing his Majesty to contribute.’ ”³

The Duchess was in consequence forbidden the Court, and in reply wrote an extremely impudent letter to the King, the

¹ *The Craftsman* was a paper which attacked the Government.

² *Memoirs*, i., 120-121.

³ *Memoirs*, i., 122.

text of which is preserved by Lord Hervey in his *Memoirs* and also by Mrs. Delany in her *Correspondence*. Upon his wife's disgrace the Duke of Queensberry resigned his post as Admiral of Scotland, despite the King's wish that he should retain it. Sir Walter Scott, in a note to his edition of Swift's works, records another incident of the dispute.

"The duchess," he says, "was so vehement in her attempts to have the embargo removed from Gay's play, that she offered to read it to his majesty in his closet that he might be satisfied there was no offence in it. George II. escaped from this dilemma by saying, he should be delighted to receive her grace in his closet, but hoped to amuse her better than by the literary employment she proposed."¹

Meanwhile, despite these alarms and excursions, the printing of the work steadily progressed. Swift was far from optimistic as to the financial result of the venture. Writing to Pope on March 6, 1729, he says of Gay:—

"I hope he does not intend to print his opera before it is acted; for I defy all your subscriptions to amount to eight hundreds pound; and yet, I believe, he lost as much more, for want of human prudence."²

Pope's friend and helper Fenton took a very different attitude which was justified in the event.

"Honest Gay," he wrote to Broome, "is printing his contraband play by subscription, by which he will make an ample equivalent for its not being acted, if some few of the quality will follow the junior Duchess of Marlborough's example, who has subscribed £100."³

In a letter written by Gay to Swift, we catch a delightful glimpse of the poet now recovering from a severe illness, in the Duke of Queensberry's house in Burlington Gardens, super-

¹ Ed. 1824, xvii., 241.

² *Correspondence*, iv., 61. The reference is of course to the £800 which Gay received for *The Beggar's Opera*.

³ Pope's *Works*, viii., 154. (March 12, 1729.)

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intending the final arrangements for the publication of his work.

“You must undoubtedly have heard,” he writes on March 18, 1729, “that the Duchess took up my defence with the King and Queen in the cause of my play, and that she hath been forbid the Court for interesting herself to increase my fortune, for the publication of it without being acted. The Duke too has given up his employment, which he would have done, if the Duchess had not met with this treatment, upon account of ill usages from the Ministers, but this hastened him in what he had determined. The play is now almost printed, with the music, words and basses, engraved on thirty-one copper plates, which, by my friends’ assistance, hath a probability to turn greatly to my advantage. The Duchess of Marlborough hath given me a hundred pounds for one copy, and others have contributed very handsomely; but, as my account is not yet settled, I cannot tell you particulars.

“For writing in the cause of virtue, and against the fashionable vices, I am looked upon at present as the most obnoxious person almost in England. Mr. Pulteney tells me I have got the start of him. Mr. Pope tells me that I am dead, and that this obnoxiousness is the reward for my inoffensiveness in my former life. I wish I had a book ready to send you, but, I believe, I shall not be able to complete the work till the latter end of the next week.”¹

Later in the same letter Gay writes:—

“I am impatient to finish my work, for I want the country air, not that I am ill, but to recover my strength, and I cannot leave my work till it is finished. While I am writing this, I am in the room next to our dining-room, with sheets all around it, and two people from the binder folding sheets.

¹ Swift’s *Correspondence*, iv., 69–70

“I print the book at my own expense in quarto, which is to
 “be sold for six shillings, with the music. . . . Most of the
 “courtiers, though otherwise my friends, refused to con-
 “tribute to my undertaking, but the city and the people of
 “England take my part very warmly, and, I am told, the
 “best of the citizens will give me proofs of it by their con-
 “tributions.”

The kindly Arbuthnot, writing on the following day to Swift, gave him his own version of the affair.

“The inoffensive John Gay,” he writes, “is now become one
 “of the obstructions to the peace of Europe, the terror of the
 “Ministers, the chief author of the *Craftsman*, and all the
 “seditious pamphlets which have been published against the
 “government. He has got several turned out of their places;
 “the greatest ornament of the Court banished from it for
 “his sake;¹ another great lady in danger of being *chasée* [*sic*]
 “likewise;² about seven or eight Duchesses pushing forward,
 “like the ancient *Circumcelliones*³ in the Church, who shall
 “suffer martyrdom upon his account first. He is the darling
 “of the city. If he should travel about the country, he would
 “have hecatombs of roasted oxen sacrificed to him. Since he
 “became so conspicuous, Will Pulteney hangs his head to
 “see himself so much outdone in the career of glory. I hope
 “he will get a good deal of money by printing his play, but, I
 “really believe, he would get more by showing his person;
 “and I can assure you, this is the very identical John Gay,
 “whom you formerly knew, and lodged with in Whitehall
 “two years ago.”⁴

But those very lodgings in Whitehall, the gift of the Earl of Lincoln, were now, by the influence of the Government, lost to Gay.

¹ Duchess of Queensberry.

² Mrs. Howard.

³ African fanatics of 4th century.

⁴ Swift's *Correspondence*, iv., 72-3. (March 19, 1729.)

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“Next week I believe,” the poet writes to Swift in November, 1729, “I shall be in town; not at Whitehall, for those lodgings were judged not convenient for me, and disposed of. . . . You have often twitted me in the teeth with hankering after the Court. In that you mistook me, for I know by experience that there is no dependence that can be sure, but a dependence upon one’s self. I will take care of the little fortune I have got.”¹

Preceded by so excellent an advertisement as a Court scandal, supported by opponents of Walpole, aristocratic and bourgeois, and recommended by the popularity of *The Beggar’s Opera, Polly*, not unnaturally, was an even greater success than its predecessor.²

“Yet notwithstanding this prohibition,” says one writer after describing the Lord Chamberlain’s treatment of *Polly*, “the piece turned out very advantageous to Mr. Gay, for being persuaded to print it for his own emolument, the subscriptions and presents he met with on that occasion, from persons of quality and others, were so numerous and liberal, that he was imagined to make four times as much by it as he could have expected to have cleared by a very tolerable run of it on the stage.”³

The advent of *Polly* was celebrated in satirical verses published in 1729, and entitled *The Female Faction: or The Gay Subscribers*.⁴ In these verses Gay is ironically congratulated on the number and beauty of his feminine supporters.

“Scandal in *Prose* too grossly is convey’d,
“And Satire’s dull, without *Poetick* Aid:

¹ Swift’s *Correspondence*, iv., 108.

² “He got about four hundred pounds by the first *Beggar’s Opera*, and eleven or twelve hundred by the second.”—*Spence’s Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, 1858, p. 162. (In fact, Gay got, as already stated, nearly £800. *V. Notes and Queries*, 1st series, i., 178.)

³ *Biographia Dramatica*, ii., 287–8.

⁴ London. Price Sixpence. The epigraph, taken from Horace,
Quo virtus tua te vocat, i pede fausto,
shows that Gay’s claim to represent virtue was not taken too seriously.

“A Bard, as bulky in Renown, as Size,
 “With generous Labour that Defect supplies;

“ * * * * *
 “ * * * * *

“Deny’d Admission, on the Stage in vain,
 “MACHEATH shall still invite the Town again;
 “The bold *State-Felon* be at full display’d,
 “Thro’ BEAUTY’S Sanction, and the *Printer’s* Aid.

“Thrice happy Poet! whose unrivall’d Lays
 “Can *Hosts* of LADIES in thy Quarrel raise:
 “For Thee, their Features do they cease to prize,
 “And lose in Rage the Lustre of their Eyes?
 “On thy blest Lot, accept, without Disdain,
 “A Brother Bard’s congratulating Strain.

A description of Gay’s chief supporters then follows, from which we select a pen-portrait of *Amanda*, the Duchess of Queensberry.

“The gay *Amanda* let us now behold,
 “In thy Defence, a lovely, *banish’d* Scold;
 “What tributary Numbers can thy Muse,
 “To this bright Championess of Wit refuse?
 “To Her, who greatly Empire’s Frowns defies,
 “And bids her *late Disgrace* new point her Eyes;
 “Who makes her *tender L(or)d* her Quarrel join,
 “And the fair Honours of his *P(os)t* resign,
 “To let thy Foes her Soul’s high Temper see,
 “That holds no Sacrifice too rich, for THEE?
 “Paint her each Beauty o’er and o’er again,
 “Strong as when first she charm’d in P(rior)’s Strain,
 “When kind *Mamma* indulg’d her *Heart’s Desire*,
 “*And then, as now, she set the World on Fire.*¹

¹ V. Matthew Prior’s *The Female Phaeton*.

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Even after the publication and financial success of *Polly*, the troubles it had brought Gay were not ended.

“Mr. Gay is gone to Scotland with the Duke of Queensberry. He has about twenty lawsuits with booksellers for “pirating his book.”

So runs a passage in one of Arbuthnot’s letters to Swift, written on May 8, 1729.¹

Almost a month earlier, on April 10, the following warning had appeared in the *Evening Post*:—

“Yesterday two illegal, false, and spurious editions of *Polly*, “*an Opera; being the Second Part of the Beggar’s Opera*, were “published; the one in octavo without the Musick, printed “for Jeffery Walker in the Strand, the other in Octavo with “the Musick at the end, printed for J. Thomson. This is to “advertise all booksellers, printers, publishers, hawkers, &c., “not to sell, or cause to be sold, any of the said editions, the “sole property of the said book being according to Act of “Parliament vested in the Author, for whom the book is “printed with the Musick on copper-plates in quarto. “Prosecutions with the utmost severity will be put in execu- “tion against anyone who shall presume to sell any of the “aforesaid illegal spurious editions.”²

Long after Gay’s death, *Polly* was revised by George Colman the dramatist, and set on the stage in a slightly altered form, being first presented at the Haymarket, in 1777. Gay’s former champion, the once beautiful Duchess of Queensberry, now an old woman near to death, revived memories of Gay and of the struggle she had made for him half a century before, by attending the performances on several occasions.

“At the distance of near fifty years from its original publica- “tion,” says a contemporary witness, “Mr. Colman ven- “tured to produce this piece before the public, when it com-

¹ Swift’s *Correspondence*, iv., 80.

² Quoted in *Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century*, by John Nichols, 6 vols., London, 1812, i., 404, note.

“pletely justified all the censures which had been passed upon
 “it, being as insipid and uninteresting a performance as ever
 “appeared on the English stage. After a few nights represen-
 “tation it sunk into its former obscurity, and will hardly be
 “revived again. One circumstance deserves notice. The
 “duchess of Queensberry, the patroness of the author and
 “the piece, was still living, and, though extremely old,
 “attended the performance several times before her death,
 “which happened a few weeks afterwards.”¹

Of the play itself little need here be said. It has, we must admit, all the almost inevitable weaknesses of a sequel, as Gay himself knew, and stated in the opening sentence of his Introduction.² Swift, who had given Gay the hint which led to the writing of *The Beggar's Opera*,³ saw this weakness in *Polly*, and expressed his opinion in a letter to the Earl of Orrery, some three years later.

“I have often thought,” he says, “that hints were owing as
 “much to good fortune as to invention, and I have sometimes
 “chid poor Mr. Gay for dwelling too long upon a hint, as he
 “did in the sequel of the *Beggar's Opera*.”⁴

Perhaps the chief interest of *Polly* to the modern reader, is its clear indication of a deepening cynicism in Gay, a cynicism intensified by his disappointment at Court, but we believe, largely due to the influence of Swift. The spirit that inspires *Polly* is the spirit of *Gulliver's Travels*. Though the words of *Polly* come from the tongue of Gay, the mood of the writer is the misanthropic despair of Swift. Nor is this surprising. Swift paid a visit to England in March, 1726, and remained until the middle of August. At first he lived with Gay in his Whitehall lodging, and later during June and July stayed with Gay and

¹ *Biographia Dramatica*, ii., 288.

² *V. infra*, p. 1.

³ The hint was Swift's remark that “A Newgate pastoral might make an odd, pretty sort of thing.”—Spence, p. 120.

⁴ Swift's *Correspondence*, iv., 403.

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Pope at the latter's villa. There the time was spent in planning and executing literary work. Swift, Pope, and Arbuthnot discussed the idea of bringing out their *Miscellanies*, while Gay worked at his *Fables* and *Beggar's Opera*. Above all, "Gulliver's Travels. . . . were now receiving their finishing touches, and were canvassed and quoted amongst the company."¹ It was in the November following, after Swift's return to Ireland, that *Gulliver* appeared. Early in April, 1727, Swift came back to England, and remained until the middle of September, when for the last time he bade farewell to the circle of distinguished friends who were so dear to him.

But his influence did not die with his passing. It was upon a "foundation of misanthropy," to use Swift's own words, that the "whole building of his *Travels* was erected"; and something of that misanthropy crept into the heart of Gay. Gay, without the fine irony of Swift, attempted in *Polly* to present European civilisation in a similar perspective to that adopted by Swift in *Gulliver's Travels*. The genial poet, smarting under disappointment, accepted a shallower, less penetrating form of Swift's clear-eyed misanthropy, and, combining it with ideas drawn from another and earlier writer, produced *Polly*.

For if the play reminds us of the spirit of Swift's famous satire, it also reminds us much more strongly in both spirit and form of Mrs. Aphra Behn's novel, *Oroonoko*. In that romance Mrs. Behn had contrasted European civilisation with "the noble savage," much to the advantage of the latter. Like Mrs. Behn, Gay makes his "savages" noble—impossible idealised figures, whose virtues are exaggerated in order to reveal more clearly by contrast the vices of the English characters in the play.

Amongst the latter there is one exception, *Polly* herself. In her alone we find faith, honour, fidelity, truth and noble-

¹ Swift's *Life*, by Sir Henry Craik, 2nd ed., 2 vols., London, 1894, ii., 107.

ness, and the only fitting mate for her is the Indian chief Cawwawkee, whom we are led to believe she will eventually marry. But although Gay preserves the sincerity of the earlier Polly of *The Beggar's Opera*, this later Polly, we feel, has in some subtle way lost much of her earlier charm. In the later play she is never dominant, never sufficiently assertive, and her apparent acquiescence in the Indian chief's passion for her, immediately after Macheath's execution, gives the reader a shock.

Macheath himself has changed, and changed for the worse. Something of the tone of Mr. Shaw's *Heartbreak House* is anticipated by Gay, who makes of Macheath an example of the devitalising effect of unscrupulous women upon a man once energetic and brave. In the hands of Jenny Diver, Macheath has dwindled from the heroic scoundrel to a much smaller character of intermittent energy. The once dashing highwayman and cynical hero of Newgate must now be stirred to action by the ironical comments of his lieutenant.

The fact is, apparently, that Gay, affected by his disappointment at Court, and dominated by the cynicism of Swift, was in too dark and serious a mood to write light opera successfully. *The Beggar's Opera* was the perfect medium of expression for a light, blasé cynicism. But the deeper note, the darker outlook in *Polly*, is out of harmony with the style of ballad opera. One cannot seriously indict a nation, a civilisation, with a fa, la, la, la, la; and to attempt to combine the two is fatal.

The Beggar's Opera is never serious. It is, however, real in one sense. A Newgate where prisoners dance and sing daintily to the clang of their own fetters, where impossible highwaymen flirt and quarrel with innumerable jealous wives, where perfect innocence and integrity combine with beauty in the daughter of two old rogues, is certainly not the Newgate of 1728.

F O R E W O R D xxiii

But reality is there also. The world of *The Beggar's Opera* is indeed perhaps the most delightful of all worlds—the real world transfigured by the imagination; a world in which the real becomes unreal, the familiar, unfamiliar. It is that world of childhood in which the bed-post has suddenly become a friendly, smiling face, the cat a monstrous tiger; a world in which anything may happen, even the terrible, but in which the terrible has no terrors, and where only the impossible is probable.

In *Polly*, we find Gay attempting an opposite effect. In the earlier play the poet had transfigured the real and the familiar by the light of imagination. In the sequel, he attempts to create out of his imagination alone a realism which is the reality of actual life. Ignorant of the West Indies, Gay fails to produce a convincingly realistic play. The characters in *Polly* are obviously meant to be simply human, to affect us by their failings and virtues, their troubles and joys. They are no longer made to charm us by their unreality. Hence the test of *Polly* must be a different test from that of *The Beggar's Opera*, because the aim of the writer as artist is a different aim. Judged by that test, *Polly* must be placed far below its predecessor. The characters do not move us. There is little to interest us in either the good or the bad. We find a weak and distorted attempt to portray the real world, not a strong and vivid realisation of the world that lives in the imagination alone.

Nor is the gaiety that vitalises *The Beggar's Opera* present in *Polly*. The bitterness of disappointed ambition had affected Gay's sense of humour. Swift, disappointed and disillusioned, could nevertheless eliminate his personal sorrow from his writing, and give to it a general significance and appeal that the purely personal note can never attain. But Gay failed to do this. Gay, if we may for a moment borrow the language of the psycho-analyst, could not completely "sublimate." We realise that he has failed to convert his private sorrow wholly to the

purpose of his art. He is thinking of himself when his mind should be on his subject. He wants revenge on those who have misused him, when he should be aiming solely at the development of a play. Hence there is discord—discord of mood, of plan, of development. The tone is not harmonious, and we are conscious of jangling notes. The final disaster of Macheath's execution spoils our attempt to enjoy the play as light opera, while it fails to raise it to the dignity of tragic emotion. Nor does *Polly* impress us with the folly of European civilisation. Unlike *Gulliver*, it does not compel assent. We feel that however true the indictment may be, the proof has not been given. Our agreement is sought, not after a true representation, but upon the strength of a fantastic and distorted image.

With the example of a recent distinguished critic as warning,¹ we shall not attempt to estimate the probable effect of *Polly* upon a modern audience were the play revived to-day. Songs, music, setting, these are more important elements than plot or development in a play of this kind, and it is not improbable that the fate of *Polly* upon the modern stage and under the direction of a competent producer, would be far different from that which befell it in 1777.

OSWALD DOUGHTY.

¹ "The present age would perhaps rank Gay lowest in that kind of writing in which, in his own time, he achieved a phenomenal success. The 'Beggar's Opera' is very coarse homespun compared with the dainty fabrics which have come from the loom of Mr. W. S. Gilbert."—D. C. Tovey, *Reviews and Essays*, London, 1897, pp. 115-6.

The writer adds that the "strains so captivating to Dukes and Duchesses in 1728 are better suited, for a continuance, to the taste of Tony Lumpkin's friends, or of the *lustige Gesellen* in Auerbach's cellar."—p. 116.

P O L L Y :

A N

O P E R A .

BEING THE

S E C O N D P A R T

OF THE

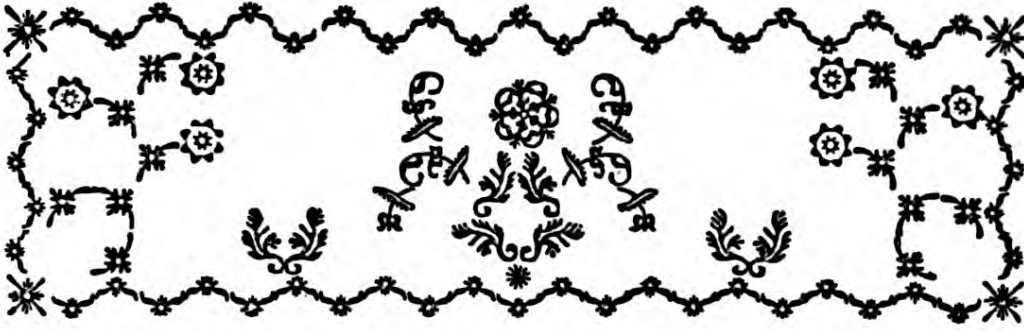
BEGGAR'S OPERA.

Written by Mr. GAY.

*Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deferuit pede pœna claudo. Hor.*

L O N D O N :

Printed for the AUTHOR. MDCCXXIX.



PREFACE

AFTER Mr. Rich and I were agreed upon terms and conditions for bringing this Piece on the stage, and that every thing was ready for a Rehearsal; The Lord Chamberlain sent an order from the country to prohibit Mr. Rich to suffer any Play to be rehears'd upon his stage till it had been first of all supervis'd by his Grace. As soon as Mr. Rich came from his Grace's secretary (who had sent for him to receive the before-mentioned order) he came to my lodgings and acquainted me with the orders he had received.

Upon the Lord Chamberlain's coming to town, I was confined by sickness, but in four or five days I went abroad on purpose to wait upon his Grace with a faithful and genuine copy of this Piece, excepting the erratas of the transcriber.

*It was transcribed in great haste by Mr. Stede the Prompter of the Playhouse, that it might be ready against his Grace's return from the country: As my illness at that time would not allow me to read it over, I since find in it
many*

many small faults, and here and there a line or two omitted. But lest it should be said I had made any one alteration from the copy I deliver'd to the Lord Chamberlain: I have caused every error in the said copy to be printed (litteral faults excepted) and have taken notice of every omission. I have also pointed out every amendment I have made upon the revisal of my own copy for the Press, that the reader may at one view see what alterations and amendments have been made.

ERRORS *as they stood in the copy delivered to the Lord Chamberlain (occasion'd by the haste of the transcriber) corrected in this edition; by which will appear the most minute difference between that and my own copy.*

P for page. l for line. sc. for scene. what was added mark'd thus *. What was left out, thus †.

The names of all the tunes †. The scenes not divided and number'd. The marginal directions for the Actors were often omitted.

ACT 1. p. 2. l. 16. *ever* †. l. 18. after more, *too**. p. 4. l. 1. before part *not**. l. 11. *take* †. sc. 2. l. 12. *to* †. Air 5. l. 10. *thus* instead of *they*. p. 9. l. 20. *wherewith* for *wherewithal*. l. 19. *my* †. l. 26. *will* †. p. 10. l. 1. *you* for *it*. p. 11. l. 20. *no* †. Air 10. l. 5. *with a twinkum twankum* †. p. 14. l. 18. *complaisance* for *compliance*. sc. 9. l. 1. *part from*. p. 18. l. 9. *surely* for *sure*. l. 13. *And* †. sc. 14. l. 20. insult me *thus*. p. 24. l. 18. *her* †. l. 21. young and handsome. ACT 2. Air 25. l. 8. *charms* for *arms*. p. 29. the speech between Air 25 and Air 26. †. Air 27. l. 2. *why* for *who*. Air 29. with a mirleton, &c. †. sc. 7. l. 2. a bawdyhouse

bawdyhouse bully, p. 42. l. 26 *is* †. Air 42. l. 6. *is* for *are*. p. 44. l. 7. *none* for *no more*. Act 3. p. 52. l. 18. *are all* at stake. p. 53. l. 9. *ever* †. p. 54. l. 9. *found* †. Air 51. Thus to battle we will go †. Air 52. with a fa, la, la, †. sc. 8. l. 4. *prey* for *pay*. p. 63 l. 26. *no notions*. p. 65. l. 28. or redress 'em †. Air 71. the repetition of the Chorus †.

EMENDATIONS of my own copy on revising it for the Press.

* Is the mark for anything added.

† The mark for what is left out.

‡ The mark of what stood in the original Copy.

ACT I. p. 2. l. 36. *pictures* *. sc. 4. l. 2. *thousand* * p. 18. l. 28. *But unhappy love, the more virtuous that is* ‡. Air 21. l. 13. *my steps direct, my truth protect a faithful, &c.* ‡. Act 2. Air 23. l. 3. *sick imagination* ‡. l. 4. then *alone I forget to weep* ‡. l. 7. for *whole years* ‡. l. 11. 'Tis a dream ‡. l. 12. 'Tis our utmost ‡. Air 27. l. 9. you ne'er were drawn to cringe and fawn among the spawn who &c. ‡. Air 28. l. 2. *for* *. l. 4. *alike* for *both*. p. 40. l. 12. all women expect ‡. Air 39. l. 3. thus colts let loose, by want of use grow ‡. Air 40. *unextinguish'd ray* ‡. Recitative. *Away for Hence.* ‡. p. 46. l. 1. *pardons for persons* ‡. Air 45. l. 1. when as ambition's ‡. l. 2. *mighty* *. l. 4. *fraud and* *. Air 48. l. 2. *Thus* *. l. 3. what expence and what care ‡. l. 7. *sage politicians* ‡. Act 3. sc. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. are transpos'd with no alteration of the words, but instead of *On then; hope and conquer*, is put p. 55. l. 2. *let us then to our posts*. p. 57. l. 12. *after enterprize, let us now to our posts* ‡. Air 58. l. 4. *cheers my breast.* ‡. Air 62. l. 7. by turns we take ‡. Air 63. l. 7. 'Tis jealous rage ‡. Air 64. l. 3. is of the noxious ‡. folded arms hide its charms, all the night free from blight, &c. ‡. *Polly's* speech before Air 64 was plac'd after it, but without any alteration ‡. Air 69. l. 7. *sure to virtue* ‡.

Excepting these errors and emendations, this Edition is

a true and faithful Copy as I my-self in my own hand writing delivered it to Mr. Rich, and afterwards to the Lord Chamberlain, for the truth of which I appeal to his Grace.

As I have heard several suggestions and false insinuations concerning the copy: I take this occasion in the most solemn manner to affirm, that the very copy I delivered to Mr. Rich was written in my own hand some months before at the Bath from my own first foul blotted papers; from this, that for the Playhouse was transcribed, from whence the above-mention'd Mr. Stede copied that which I delivered to the Lord Chamberlain, and excepting my own foul blotted papers; I do protest I know of no other copy whatsoever, than those I have mention'd.

The Copy I gave into the hands of Mr. Rich had been seen before by several Persons of the greatest distinction and veracity, who will be ready to do me the honour and justice to attest it; so that not only by them, but by Mr. Rich and Mr. Stede, I can (against all insinuation or positive affirmation) prove in the most clear and undeniable manner, if occasion required, what I have here upon my own honour and credit asserted. The Introduction indeed was not shown to the Lord Chamberlain, which, as I had not then quite settled, was never transcribed in the Playhouse copy.

*'Twas on Saturday morning December 7th, 1728. that I waited upon the Lord Chamberlain; I desir'd to have the honour of reading the Opera to his Grace, but he
order'd*

P R E F A C E v

order'd me to leave it with him, which I did upon expectation of having it return'd on the Monday following, but I had it not 'till Thursday December 12, when I receiv'd it from his Grace with this answer; that it was not allow'd to be acted, but commanded to be suppress'd. This was told me in general without any reasons assign'd, or any charge against me of my having given any particular offence.

Since this prohibition I have been told that I am accused, in general terms, of having written many disaffected libels and seditious pamphlets. As it hath ever been my utmost ambition (if that word may be us'd upon this occasion) to lead a quiet and inoffensive life, I thought my innocence in this particular would never have requir'd a justification; and as this kind of writing is, what I have ever detested and never practic'd, I am persuaded so groundless a calumny can never be believ'd but by those who do not know me. But when general aspersions of this sort have been cast upon me, I think my-self call'd upon to declare my principles; and I do with the strictest truth affirm, that I am as loyal a subject and as firmly attach'd to the present happy establishment as any of those who have the greatest places or pensions. I have been inform'd too, that in the following Play, I have been charg'd with writing immoralities; that it is fill'd with slander and calumny against particular great persons, and that Majesty it-self is endeavour'd to be brought into ridicule and contempt.

As

As I knew that every one of these charges was in every point absolutely false and without the least grounds, at first I was not at all affected by them; but when I found they were still insisted upon, and that particular passages which were not in the Play were quoted and propagated to support what had been suggested, I could no longer bear to lye under these false accusations; so by printing it, I have submitted and given up all present views of profit which might accrue from the stage, which undoubtedly will be some satisfaction to the worthy gentlemen who have treated me with so much candour and humanity, and represented me in such favourable colours.

But as I am conscious to my-self that my only intention was to lash in general the reigning and fashionable vices, and to recommend and set virtue in as amiable a light as I could; to justify and vindicate my own character, I thought my-self obliged to print the Opera without delay in the manner I have done.

As the Play was principally design'd for representation, I hope when it is read it will be considered in that light: And when all that hath been said against it shall appear to be intirely misunderstood or misrepresented; if, some time hence, it should be permitted to appear on the stage, I think it necessary to acquaint the publick, that as far as a contract of this kind can be binding; I am engag'd to Mr. Rich to have it represented upon his Theatre.

March 25. 1729.



I N T R O D U C T I O N

P O E T, P L A Y E R.

Poet. A Sequel to a Play is like more last words.
A 'Tis a kind of absurdity; and really, Sir, you have prevail'd upon me to pursue this subject against my judgment.

1st Player. Be the success as it will, you are sure of what you have contracted for; and upon the inducement of gain no body can blame you for undertaking it.

Poet. I know, I must have been look'd upon as whimsical, and particular if I had scrupled to have risk'd my reputation for my profit; for why should I be more squeamish than my betters? and so, Sir, contrary to my opinion I bring *Polly* once again upon the Stage.

1st Player. Consider, Sir, you have prepossession on your side.

Poet. But then the pleasure of novelty is lost; and in a thing of this kind I am afraid I shall hardly be pardon'd for imitating my-self, for sure pieces of this sort are not to be followed as precedents. My dependence

pendance, like a tricking bookseller's, is, that the kind reception the first part met with will carry off the second be it what it will.

1st Player. You should not disparage your own works; you will have criticks enough who will be glad to do that for you: and let me tell you, Sir, after the success you have had, you must expect envy.

Poet. Since I have had more applause than I can deserve, I must, with other authors, be content, if criticks allow me less. I should be an arrant courtier or an arrant beggar indeed, if as soon as I have receiv'd one undeserved favour I should lay claim to another; I don't flatter my-self with the like success.

1st Player. I hope, Sir, in the catastrophe you have not run into the absurdity of your last Piece.

Poet. I know that I have been unjustly accus'd of having given up my moral for a joke, like a fine gentleman in conversation; but whatever be the event now, I will not so much as seem to give up my moral.

1st Player. Really, Sir, an author should comply with the customs and taste of the town. — I am indeed afraid too that your Satyr here and there is too free. A man should be cautious how he mentions any vice whatsoever before good company, lest somebody present should apply it to himself.

Poet. The Stage, Sir, hath the privilege of the pulpit to attack vice however dignified or distinguish'd, and preachers and poets should not be too well bred
upon

Intro. An O P E R A 3

upon these occasions: Nobody can overdo it when he attacks the vice and not the person.

1st Player. But how can you hinder malicious applications?

Poet. Let those answer for 'em who make 'em. I aim at no particular persons; my strokes are at vice in general: but if any men particularly vicious are hurt, I make no apology, but leave them to the cure of their flatterers. If an author write in character, the lower people reflect on the follies and vices of the rich and great, and an *Indian* judges and talks of *Europeans* by those he hath seen and convers'd with, &c. And I will venture to own that I wish every man of power or riches were really and apparently virtuous, which would soon amend and reform the common people who act by imitation.

1st Player. But a little indulgence and partiality to the vices of your own country without doubt would be look'd upon as more discreet. Though your Satyr, Sir, is on vices in general, it must and will give offence; every vicious man thinks you particular, for conscience will make self-application. And why will you make your-self so many enemies? I say no more upon this head. As to us I hope you are satisfy'd we have done all we could for you; for you will now have the advantage of all our best singers.

Enter 2d Player.

2d Player. 'Tis impossible to perform the Opera
to

to night, all the fine singers within are out of humour with their parts. The Tenor, says he was never offer'd such an indignity, and in a rage flung his clean lamb-skin gloves into the fire; he swears that in his whole life he never did sing, would sing, or could sing but in true kid.

1st Player. Musick might tame and civilize wild beasts, but 'tis evident it never yet could tame and civilize musicians.

Enter 3d Player,

3d Player. Sir, *Signora Crotchetta* says she finds her character so low that she had rather dye than sing it.

1st Player. Tell her by her contract I can make her sing it.

Enter Signora Crotchetta.

Crotchetta. Barbarous Tramontane! Where are all the lovers of *Virtù*? Will they not all rise in arms in my defence? make me sing it! good Gods! should I tamely submit to such usage I should debase my-self through all *Europe*.

1st Player. In the Opera nine or ten years ago, I remember, Madam, your appearance in a character little better than a fish.

Crotchetta. A fish! monstrous! Let me inform you, Sir, that a Mermaid or Syren is not many removes from a sea-Goddess; or I had never submitted to be that fish which you are pleas'd to call me by way of reproach

Intro. A N O P E R A 5

reproach. I have a cold, Sir; I am sick. I don't see, why I may not be allowed the privilege of sickness now and then as well as others. If a singer may not be indulg'd in her humours, I am sure she will soon become of no consequence with the town. And so, Sir, I have a cold; I am hoarse. I hope now you are satisfied.

Exit Crotchetta in a fury.

Enter 4th Player.

4th Player. Sir, the base voice insists upon pearl-colour'd stockings and red-heel'd shoes.

1st Player. There is no governing caprice. But how shall we make our excuses to the house?

4th Player. Since the town was last year so good as to encourage an Opera without singers; the favour I was then shown obliges me to offer my-self once more, rather than the audience should be dismiss'd. All the other Comedians upon this emergency are willing to do their best, and hope for your favour and indulgence.

1st Player. Ladies and Gentlemen, as we wish to do every thing for your diversion, and that singers only will come when they will come, we beg you to excuse this unforeseen accident, and to accept the proposal of the Comedians, who relye wholly on your courtesie and protection.

Exeunt.

The O U V E R T U R E .

DRA-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Ducat.
Morano.
Vanderbluff.
Capstern.
Hacker.
Culverin.
Laguerre.
Cutlace.
Pohetohee.
Cawwawkee.

Servants. Indians. Pyrates. Guards, &c.

Polly.
Mrs. Ducat.
Trapes.
Jenny Diver.
Flimzy.
Damaris.

SCENE. *In the WEST-INDIES.*



POLLY:

AN OPERA

ACT I. SCENE I.

DUCAT'S *House.*

Trapes. DUCAT, TRAPES.

THOUGH you were born and bred and live in the *Indies*, as you are a subject of *Britain* you shou'd live up to our customs. Prodigality there, is a fashion that is among all ranks of people. Why, our very younger brothers push themselves into the polite world by squandering more than they are worth. You are wealthy, very wealthy, Mr. *Ducat*; and I grant you the more you have, the taste of getting more should grow stronger upon you. 'Tis just so with us. But then the richest of our Lords and Gentlemen, who live elegantly, always

run
D

run out. 'Tis genteel to be in debt. Your luxury should distinguish you from the vulgar. You cannot be too expensive in your pleasures.

A I R I. The disappointed Widow.

The manners of the Great affect;

Stint not your pleasure:

If conscience had their genius checkt,

How got they treasure?

The more in debt, run in debt the more,

Careless who is undone;

Morals and honesty leave to the poor,

As they do at London.

Ducat. I never thought to have heard thrift laid to my charge. There is not a man, though I say it, in all the *Indies* who lives more plentifully than my self; nor, who enjoys the necessaries of life in so handsome a manner.

Trapes. There it is now. Who ever heard a man of fortune in *England* talk of the necessaries of life? If the necessaries of life would have satisfied such a poor body as me, to be sure I had never come to mend my fortune to the Plantations. Whether we can afford it or no, we must have superfluities. We never stint our expence to our own fortunes, but are miserable if we do not live up to the profuseness of our neighbours. If we could content our selves with the necessaries of
Life

ACT I AN O P E R A 9

Life, no man alive ever need be dishonest. As to woman now; why, look ye, Mr. *Ducat*, a man hath what we may call every thing that is necessary in a wife.

Ducat. Ay, and more!

Trapes. But for all that, d'ye see, your married men are my best customers. It keeps wives upon their good behaviours.

Ducat. But there are jealousies and family lectures, Mrs. *Trapes*.

Trapes. Bless us all! how little are our customs known on this side the herring-pond! Why, jealousy is out of fashion even among our common country-gentlemen. I hope you are better bred than to be jealous. A husband and wife should have a mutual complaisance for each other. Sure, your wife is not so unreasonable to expect to have you always to her self.

Ducat. As I have a good estate, Mrs. *Trapes*, I would willingly run into every thing that is suitable to my dignity and fortune. No body throws himself into the extravagancies of life with a freer spirit. As to conscience and musty morals, I have as few drawbacks upon my profits or pleasures as any man of quality in *England*; in those I am not in the least vulgar. Besides, Madam, in most of my expences I run into the polite taste. I have a fine library of books that I never read; I have a fine stable of horses that I never ride; I build, I buy plate, jewels, pictures, or any thing that is valuable

able and curious, as your great men do, merely out of ostentation. But indeed I must own, I do still cohabit with my wife; and she is very uneasy and vexatious upon account of my visits to you.

Trapes. Indeed, indeed, Mr. *Ducat*, you shou'd break through all this usurpation at once, and keep —. Now too is your time; for I have a fresh cargo of ladies just arriv'd: no body alive shall set eyes upon 'em till you have provided your self. You should keep your lady in awe by her maid; place a handsome, sprightly wench near your wife, and she will be a spy upon her into the bargain. I would have you show your self a fine gentleman in every thing.

Ducat. But I am somewhat advanc'd in life, Mrs. *Trapes*, and my duty to my wife lies very hard upon me; I must leave keeping to younger husbands and old batchelors.

Trapes. There it is again now! Our very vulgar pursue pleasures in the flush of youth and inclination, but our great men are modishly profligate when their appetite hath left 'em.

A I R II. *The Irish ground.*

B A S S .

Ducat. *What can wealth
When we're old?
Youth and health
Are not sold.*

TREBLE

ACT I AN OPERA II
TREBLE.

Trapes. *When love in the pulse beats low,
(As haply it may with you)
A girl can fresh youth bestow,
And kindle desire anew.
Thus, numm'd in the brake,
Without motion, the snake
Sleeps cold winter away;
But in every vein
Life quickens again
On the bosom of May.*

We are not here, I must tell you, as we are at *London*, where we can have fresh goods every week by the waggon. My maid is again gone aboard the vessel; she is perfectly charm'd with one of the ladies; 'twill be a credit to you to keep her. I have obligations to you, Mr. *Ducat*, and I would part with her to no man alive but your self. If I had her at *London*, such a lady would be sufficient to make my fortune; but, in truth, she is not impudent enough to make herself agreeable to the sailors in a publick-house in this country. By all accounts, she hath a behaviour only fit for a private family.

Ducat. But how shall I managematters with my wife?

Trapes. Just as the fine gentlemen do with us. We could bring you many great precedents for treating a wife with indifference, contempt, and neglect; but that

that, indeed, would be running into too high life. I would have you keep some decency, and use her with civility. You should be so obliging as to leave her to her liberties and take them too yourself. Why, all our fine ladies, in what they call pin-money, have no other views; 'tis what they all expect.

Ducat. But I am afraid it will be hard to make my wife think like a gentlewoman upon this subject; so that if I take her, I must act discreetly and keep the affair a dead secret.

Trapes. As to that, Sir, you may do as you please. Should it ever come to her knowledge, custom and education perhaps may make her at first think it somewhat odd. But this I can affirm with a safe conscience, that many a lady of quality have servants of this sort in their families, and you can afford an expence as well as the best of 'em.

Ducat. I have a fortune, Mrs. *Trapes*, and would fain make a fashionable figure in life; if we can agree upon the price I'll take her into the family.

Trapes. I am glad to see you fling your self into the polite taste with a spirit. Few, indeed, have the turn or talents to get money; but fewer know how to spend it handsomely after they have got it. The elegance of luxury consists in variety, and love requires it as much as any of our appetites and passions, and there is a time of life when a man's appetite ought to be whetted by a delicacy.

Ducat

Ducat. Nay, Mrs. *Trapes*, now you are too hard upon me. Sure, you cannot think me such a clown as to be really in love with my Wife! We are not so ignorant here as you imagine; why, I married her in a reasonable way, only for her money.

A I R III. *Noel Hills.*

*He that weds a beauty
 Soon will find her cloy;
 When pleasure grows a duty,
 Farewell love and joy:
 He that weds for treasure
 (Though he hath a wife)
 Hath chose one lasting pleasure
 In a married life.*

SCENE II.

DUCAT, TRAPES, DAMARIS.

Ducat. *Damaris*, [*calling at the door*] *Damaris*, I charge you not to stir from the door, and the instant you see your lady at a distance returning from her walk, besure to give me notice.

Trapes. She is in most charming rigging; she won't cost you a penny, Sir, in cloaths at first setting out. But, alack-a-day! no bargain could ever thrive with dry lips: a glass of liquor makes every thing go so glibly.

Ducat

Ducat. Here, *Damaris*; a glass of Rum for Mrs. *Dye*. [*Damaris goes out and returns with a bottle and glass.*]

Trapes. But as I was saying, Sir, I would not part with her to any body alive but your self; for, to be sure, I could turn her to ten times the profit by jobbs and chance customers. Come, Sir, here's to the young lady's health.

SCENE III.

DUCAT, TRAPES, FLIMZY.

Trapes. Well, *Flimzy*; are all the ladies safely landed, and have you done as I order'd you?

Flimzy. Yes, Madam. The three ladies for the run of the house are safely lodg'd at home; the other is without in the hall to wait your commands. She is a most delicious creature, that's certain. Such lips, such eyes, and such flesh and blood! If you had her in *London* you could not fail of the custom of all the foreign Ministers. As I hope to be sav'd, Madam, I was forc'd to tell her ten thousand lyes before I could prevail upon her to come with me. Oh Sir, you are the most lucky, happy man in the world! Shall I go call her in?

Trapes. 'Tis necessary for me first to instruct her in her duty and the ways of the family. The girl is
bashful

bashful and modest, so I must beg leave to prepare her by a little private conversation, and afterwards, Sir, I shall leave you to your private conversations.

Flimzy. But I hope, Sir, you won't forget poor *Flimzy*; for the richest man alive could not be more scrupulous than I am upon these occasions, and the bribe only can make me excuse it to my conscience. I hope, Sir, you will pardon my freedom. [*He gives her money.*]

AIR IV. Sweetheart, think upon me.

My conscience is of courtly mold,

Fit for highest station.

Where's the hand, when touch'd with gold,

Proof against temptation?

Ducat. We can never sufficiently encourage such useful qualifications. You will let me know when you are ready for me.

Ex. Flimzy.

SCENE IV.

TRAPES.

Trapes. I wonder I am not more wealthy; for, o' my conscience, I have as few scruples as those that are ten thousand times as rich. But, alack-a-day! I am forc'd to play at small game. I now and then betray
and

and ruine an innocent girl. And what of that? Can I in conscience expect to be equally rich with those who betray and ruine provinces and countries? Introth, all their great fortunes are owing to situation; as for genius and capacity I can match them to a hair: were they in my circumstance they would act like me; were I in theirs, I should be rewarded as a most profound penetrating politician.

A I R V. 'Twas within a furlong.

*In pimps and politicians
 The genius is the same;
 Both raise their own conditions
 On others guilt and shame:
 With a tongue well-tipt with lyes
 Each the want of parts supplies,
 And with a heart that's all disguise
 Keeps his schemes unknown.
 Seducing as the devil,
 They play the tempter's part,
 And have, when most they're civil,
 Most mischief in their heart.
 Each a secret commerce drives,
 First corrupts and then connives,
 And by his neighbour's vices thrives,
 For they are all his own.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

TRAPES, FLIMZY, POLLY.

Trapes. Bless my eye-sight! what do I see? I am in a dream, or it is Miss *Polly Peachum!* mercy upon me! Child, what brought you on this side of the water?

Polly. Love, Madam, and the misfortunes of our family. But I am equally surpris'd to find an acquaintance here; you cannot be ignorant of my unhappy story, and perhaps from you, Mrs. *Dye*, I may receive some information that may be useful to me.

Trapes. You need not be much concern'd, Miss *Polly*, at a sentence of transportation, for a young lady of your beauty hath wherewithal to make her fortune in any country.

Polly. Pardon me, Madam; you mistake me. Though I was educated among the most profligate in low life, I never engag'd in my father's affairs as a thief or a thief-catcher, for indeed I abhorr'd his profession. Would my Papa had never taken it up, he then still had been alive and I had never known *Macheath!*

A I R VI. *Sortez des vos retraites.*

*She who hath felt a real pain
By Cupid's dart,
Finds that all absence is in vain
To cure her heart.*

Though

*Though from my lover cast
Far as from Pole to Pole,
Still the pure flame must last,
For love is in the Soul.*

You must have heard, Madam, that I was unhappy in my marriage. When *Macheath* was transported all my peace was banished with him; and my Papa's death hath now given me liberty to pursue my inclinations.

Trapes. Good lack-a-day! poor Mr. *Peachum*! Death was so much oblig'd to him that I wonder he did not allow him a reprieve for his own sake. Truly, I think he was oblig'd to no-body more except the physicians: but they dye it seems too. Death is very impartial; he takes all alike, friends and foes.

Polly. Every monthly Sessions-paper like the apothecary's files (if I may make the comparison) was a record of his services. But my Papa kept company with gentlemen, and ambition is catching. He was in too much haste to be rich. I wish all great men would take warning. 'Tis now seven months since my Papa was hang'd.

Trapes. This will be a great check indeed to your men of enterprizing genius; and it will be unsafe to push at making a great fortune, if such accidents grow common. But sure, Child, you are not so mad as to think of following *Macheath*.

Polly. In following him I am in pursuit of my
quiet

quiet. I love him, and like a troubled ghost shall never be at rest till I appear to him. If I can receive any information of him from you, it will be a cordial to a wretch in despair.

Trapes. My dear Miss *Polly*, you must not think of it. 'Tis now above a year and a half since he robb'd his master, ran away from the plantation and turn'd pyrate. Then too what puts you beyond all possibility of redress, is, that since he came over he married a transported slave, one *Jenny Diver*, and she is gone off with him. You must give over all thoughts of him for he is a very devil to our sex; not a woman of the greatest vivacity shifts her inclinations half so fast as he can. Besides, he would disown you, for like an upstart he hates an old acquaintance. I am sorry to see those tears, Child, but I love you too well to flatter you.

Polly. Why have I a heart so constant? cruel love!

A I R VII. O Waly, Waly, up the bank.

Farewell, farewell, all hope of bliss!
For Polly always must be thine.
Shall then my heart be never his,
Which never can again be mine?
O Love, you play a cruel part,
Thy shaft still festers in the wound;
You should reward a constant heart,
Since 'tis, alas, so seldom found!

Trapes

Trapes. I tell you once again, Miss *Polly*, you must think no more of him. You are like a child who is crying after a butterfly that is hopping and fluttering upon every flower in the field; there is not a woman that comes in his way but he must have a taste of; besides there is no catching him. But, my dear girl, I hope you took care, at your leaving *England*, to bring off wherewithal to support you.

Polly. Since he is lost, I am insensible of every other misfortune. I brought indeed a summ of money with me, but my chest was broke open at sea, and I am now a wretched vagabond expos'd to hunger and want, unless charity relieve me.

Trapes. Poor child! your father and I have had great dealings together, and I shall be grateful to his memory. I will look upon you as my daughter; you shall be with me.

Polly. As soon as I can have remittances from *England*, I shall be able to acknowledge your goodness: I have still five hundred pounds there which will be return'd to me upon demand; but I had rather undertake any honest service that might afford me a maintenance than be burthensome to my friends.

Trapes. Sure never any thing happen'd so luckily! Madam *Ducat* just now wants a servant, and I know she will take my recommendation; and one so tight and handy as you must please her: then too, her husband is the civilest, best-bred man alive. You are
now

now in her house and I won't leave it 'till I have settled you. Be cheerful, my dear Child, for who knows but all these misfortunes may turn to your advantage? You are in a rich creditable family, and I dare say your person and behaviour will soon make you a favourite. As to captain *Macheath*, you may now safely look upon your self as a widow, and who knows, if Madam *Ducat* should tip off, what may happen? I shall recommend you, Miss *Polly*, as a gentlewoman.

A I R VIII. O Jenny come tye me.

*Despair is all folly;
Hence, melancholy,
Fortune attends you while youth is in flower.
By beauty's possession
Us'd with discretion,
Woman at all times hath joy in her power.*

Polly. The service, Madam, you offer me, makes me as happy as I can be in my circumstance, and I accept of it with ten thousand obligations.

Trapes. Take a turn in the hall with my maid for a minute or two, and I'll take care to settle all matters and conditions for your reception. Be assur'd, Miss *Polly*, I'll do my best for you.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

TRAPES, DUCAT.

Trapes. Mr. *Ducat.* Sir. You may come in. I have had this very girl in my eye for you ever since you and I were first acquainted; and to be plain with you, Sir, I have run great risques for her: I had many a stratagem, to be sure, to inviegle her away from her relations! she too herself was exceeding difficult. And I can assure you, to ruine a girl of severe education is no small addition to the pleasure of our fine gentlemen. I can be answerable for it too, that you will have the first of her. I am sure I could have dispos'd of her upon the same account for at least a hundred guineas to an alderman of *London*; and then too I might have had the disposal of her again as soon as she was out of keeping; but you are my friend, and I shall not deal hard with you.

Ducat. But if I like her I would agree upon terms beforehand; for should I grow fond of her, I know you have the conscience of other trades-people and would grow more imposing; and I love to be upon a certainty.

Trapes. Sure you cannot think a hundred pistoles too much; I mean for me. I leave her wholly to your generosity. Why your fine men, who never pay any body else, pay their pimps and bawds well; always
ready

ready money. I ever dealt conscientiously, and set the lowest price upon my ladies; when you see her, I am sure you will allow her to be as choice a piece of beauty as ever you laid eyes on.

Ducat. But, dear Mrs. *Dye*, a hundred pistoles say you? why, I could have half a dozen negro princesses for the price.

Trapes. But sure you cannot expect to buy a fine handsome christian at that rate. You are not us'd to see such goods on this side of the water. For the women, like the cloaths, are all tarnish'd and half worn out before they are sent hither. Do but cast your eye upon her, Sir; the door stands half open; see, yonder she trips in conversation with my maid *Flimzy* in the hall.

Ducat. Why truly I must own she is handsome.

Trapes. Bless me, you are no more mov'd by her than if she were your wife. Handsom! what a cold husband-like expression is that! nay, there is no harm done. If I take her home, I don't question the making more money of her. She was never in any body's house but your own since she was landed. She is pure, as she was imported, without the least adulteration.

Ducat. I'll have her. I'll pay you down upon the nail. You shall leave her with me. Come, count your money, Mrs. *Dye*.

Trapes. What a shape is there! she's of the finest growth.

Ducat
E

Ducat. You make me mis-reckon. She even takes off my eyes from gold.

Trapes. What a curious pair of sparkling eyes!

Ducat. As vivifying as the sun. I have paid you ten.

Trapes. What a racy flavour must breath from those lips!

Ducat. I want no provoking commendations. I'm in youth; I'm on fire! twenty more makes it thirty; and this here makes it just fifty.

Trapes. What a most inviting complexion! how charming a colour! In short, a fine woman has all the perfections of fine wine, and is a cordial that is ten times as restorative.

Ducat. This fifty then makes it just the sum. So now, Madam, you may deliver her up.

SCENE VII.

DUCAT, TRAPES, DAMARIS.

Damaris. Sir, Sir, my Mistress is just at the door.

Exit.

Ducat. Get you out of the way this moment, dear Mrs. *Dye*; for I would not have my wife see you. But don't stir out of the house till I am put in possession. I'll get rid of her immediately.

Exit Trapes.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

DUCAT, Mrs. DUCAT.

Mrs. Ducat. I can never be out of the way, for an hour or so, but you are with that filthy creature. If you were young, and I took liberties, you could not use me worse; you could not, you beastly fellow. Such usage might force the most vertuous woman to resentment. I don't see why the wives in this country should not put themselves upon as easy a foot as in *England*. In short, *Mr. Ducat*, if you behave your self like an *English* husband, I will behave my self like an *English* wife.

AIR IX. Red House.

*I will have my humours, I'll please all my senses,
I will not be stinted—in love or expences.
I'll dress with profusion, I'll game without measure;
You shall have the business, I will have the pleasure:
Thus every day I'll pass my life,
My home shall be my least resort;
For sure 'tis fitting that your wife
Shou'd copy ladies of the court.*

Ducat. All these things I know are natural to the sex, my dear. But husbands like colts, are restif, and they require a long time to break 'em. Besides, 'tis not the fashion as yet, for husbands to be govern'd in this country.

country. That tongue of yours, my dear, hath not eloquence enough to persuade me out of my reason. A woman's tongue, like a trumpet, only serves to raise my courage.

A I R X. Old *Orpheus* tickl'd, &c.

*When billows come breaking on the strand,
The rocks are deaf and unshaken stand:
Old oaks can defy the thunder's roar,
And I can stand woman's tongue—that's more,
With a twinkum, twankum, &c.*

With that weapon, women, like pyrates, are at war with the whole world. But I thought, my dear, your pride would have kept you from being jealous. 'Tis the whole business of my life to please you; but wives are like children, the more they are flatter'd and humour'd the more perverse they are. Here now have I been laying out my money, purely to make you a present, and I have nothing but these freaks and reproaches in return. You wanted a maid, and I have bought you the handiest creature; she will indeed make a very creditable servant.

Mrs. Ducat. I will have none of your hussies about me. And so, Sir, you would make me your convenience, your bawd. Out upon it!

Ducat. But I bought her on purpose for you, Madam.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Ducat*. For your own filthy inclinations, you mean. I won't bear it. What keep an impudent strumpet under my nose! Here's fine doings indeed!

Ducat. I will have the directions of my family. 'Tis my pleasure it shall be so. So, Madam, be satisfy'd.

A I R XI. Christ-Church Bells.

*When a woman jealous grows,
Farewell all peace of life!*

Mrs. *Ducat*. *But e'er man roves, he should pay what he
owes.*

And with her due content his wife.

Ducat. 'Tis man's the weaker sex to sway.

Mrs. *Ducat*. *We too, whene'er we list, obey.*

Ducat. 'Tis just and fit
You should submit.

Mrs. *Ducat*. *But sweet kind husband—not to day.*

Ducat. *Let your clack be still.*

Mrs. *Ducat*. *Not till I have my will.
If thus you reason slight,
There's never an hour
While breath has power :
But I will assert my right.*

Would I had you in *England*; I should have all the women there rise in arms in my defence. For the honour and prerogative of the sex, they would not
suffer

suffer such a precedent of submission. And so Mr *Ducat*, I tell you once again, that you shall keep your trollops out of the house, or I will not stay in it.

Ducat. Look'ee, Wife; you will be able to bring about nothing by pouting and vapours. I have resolution enough to withstand either obstinacy or stratagem. And I will break this jealous spirit of yours before it gets a head. And so, my dear, I order that upon my account you behave your self to the girl as you ought.

Mrs. Ducat. I wish you would behave your self to your Wife as you ought; that is to say, with good manners, and compliance. And so, Sir, I leave you and your minx together. I tell you once again, that I would sooner dye upon the spot, than not be mistress in my own house.

Exit in a passion.

SCENE IX.

DUCAT, DAMARIS.

Ducat. If by these perverse humours, I should be forc'd to part with her, and allow her a separate maintenance; the thing is so common among people of condition, that it could not prove to my discredit. Family divisions, and matrimonial controversies are a kind of proof of a man's riches; for the poor people
are

are happy in marriage out of necessity, because they cannot afford to disagree. *Damaris*, saw you my Wife?

Enter Damaris.

Is she in her own room? What said she? Which way went she?

Damaris. Bless me, I was perfectly frighten'd, she look'd so like a fury! Thank my stars, I never saw her look so before in all my life; tho' mayhap you may have seen her look so before a thousand times. Woe be to the servants that fall in her way! I'm sure I'm glad to be out of it.

A I R XII. Cheshire-rounds.

*When kings by their huffing
Have blown up a squabble,
All the charge and cuffing
Light upon the rabble.
Thus when Man and Wife
By their mutual snubbing,
Kindle civil strife,
Servants get the drubbing.*

Ducat. I would have you, *Damaris*, have an eye upon your mistress. You should have her good at heart, and inform me when she has any schemes a-foot; it may be the means to reconcile us.

Damaris. She's wild, Sir. There's no speaking to her.

her. She's flown into the garden! Mercy upon us all, say I! How can you be so unreasonable to contradict a woman, when you know we can't bear it?

Ducat. I depend upon you, *Damaris*, for intelligence. You may observe her at a distance; and as soon as she comes into her own room, bring me word. There is the sweetest pleasure in the revenge that I have now in my head! I'll this instant go and take my charge from Mrs. *Trapes*. [*aside*] *Damaris*, you know your instructions. *Exit.*

SCENE X.

DAMARIS.

Damaris. Sure all masters and mistresses, like politicians, judge of the conscience of mankind by their own, and require treachery of their servants as a duty! I am employ'd by my master to watch my mistress, and by my mistress to watch my master. Which party shall I espouse? To be sure my mistress's. For in hers, jurisdiction and power, the common cause of the whole sex, are at stake. But my master I see is coming this way. I'll avoid him, and make my observations. *Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE XI.

DUCAT, POLLY.

Ducat. Be cheerful, *Polly*, for your good fortune hath thrown you into a family, where, if you rightly consult your own interest, as every body now-a-days does, you may make your self perfectly easy. Those eyes of yours, *Polly*, are a sufficient fortune for any woman, if she have but conduct and knew how to make the most of 'em.

Polly. As I am your servant, Sir, my duty obliges me not to contradict you; and I must hear your flattery tho' I know my self undeserving. But sure Sir, in handsome women, you must have observ'd that their hearts often oppose their interest; and beauty certainly has ruin'd more women than it has made happy.

A I R XIII. The bush a boon traquair [*sic*].

*The crow or daw thro' all the year
No fowler seeks to ruin;
But birds of voice or feather rare
He's all day long persuing.
Beware, fair maids; so scape the net
That other beauties fell in;
For sure at heart was never yet
So great a wretch as Helen!*

If

If my Lady, Sir, will let me know my duty, gratitude will make me study to please her.

Ducat. I have a mind to have a little conversation with you, and I would not be interrupted.

bars the door.

Polly. I wish, Sir, you would let me receive my Lady's commands.

Ducat. And so, *Polly*, by these downcast looks of yours you would have me believe you don't know you are handsome, and that you have no faith in your looking-glass. Why, every pretty woman studies her face, and a looking-glass to her is what a book is to a Pedant; she is poring upon it all day long. In troth, a man can never know how much love is in him by conversations with his Wife. A kiss on those lips would make me young again.

Kisses her.

A I R XIV. Bury Fair.

Polly. *How can you be so teasing?*

Ducat. *Love will excuse my fault.*

How can you be so pleasing!

going to kiss her.

Polly. *I vow I'll not be naught.*

Ducat. *All maids I know at first resist.* *struggling.*

A master may command.

Polly. *You're monstrous rude; I'll not be kiss'd:*

Nay, fye, let go my hand.

Ducat. *'Tis foolish pride—*

Polly.

A I R XV. Bobbing Joan.

*Maids like courtiers must be woo'd,
Most by flattery are subdu'd;
Some capricious, coy or nice
Out of pride protract the vice;
But they fall,
One and all,
When we bid up to their price.*

Besides, hussy, your consent may make me your slave; there's power to tempt you into the bargain. You must be more than woman if you can stand that too.

Polly. Sure you only mean to try me! but 'tis barbarous to trifle with my distresses.

Ducat. I'll have none of these airs. 'Tis impertinent in a servant, to have scruples of any kind. I hire honour, conscience and all, for I will not be serv'd by halves. And so, to be plain with you, you obstinate slut, you shall either contribute to my pleasure or my profit; and if you refuse play in the bed-chamber, you shall go work in the fields among the planters. I hope now I have explain'd my self.

Polly. My freedom may be lost, but you cannot rob me of my vertue and integrity: and whatever is my lot, having that, I shall have the comfort of hope, and find pleasure in reflection.

A I R

A I R XVI. A Swain long tortur'd with Disdain.

*Can I or toil or hunger fear?
For love's a pain that's more severe.
The slave, with vertue in his breast,
Can wake in peace, and sweetly rest.*

But love, when unhappy, the more vertuous it is, the more it suffers. *Aside.*

Ducat. What noise is that?

Damaris. [*Without*] Sir, Sir.

Ducat. Step into the closet; I'll call you out immediately to present you to my wife. Don't let bashfulness ruin your fortune. The next opportunity I hope you will be better dispos'd. *Exit Polly.*

Damaris. Open the door, Sir. This moment, this moment.

SCENE XII.

DUCAT, DAMARIS, Servants, Mrs. DUCAT, &c.

Ducat. What's the matter? Was any body about to ravish you? Is the house o' fire? Or my Wife in a passion?

Damaris. O Sir, the whole country is in an uproar! The pyrates are all coming down upon us; and if they should raise the militia, you are an officer you know. I hope you have time enough to fling up your commission. *Enter 1st Footman.*

1st Footman. The neighbours, Sir, are all frightened out of their wits; they leave their houses, and fly to yours for protection. Where's my Lady, your Wife? Heaven grant, they have not taken her!

Ducat. If they only took what one could spare.

1st Footm. That's true, there were no great harm done.

Ducat. How are the musquets?

1st Footm. Rusty Sir, all rusty and peaceable! For we never clean 'em but against training-day.

Damaris. Then, Sir, your honour is safe, for now you have a just excuse against fighting.

Enter 2d Footman.

2d Footman. The *Indians*, Sir, with whom we are in alliance are all in arms; there will be bloody work to be sure. I hope they will decide the matter before we can get ready.

Enter Mrs. Ducat.

Mrs. Ducat. O dear Husband, I'm frighten'd to death! What will become of us all! I thought a punishment for your wicked lewdness would light upon you at last.

Ducat. Presence of mind, my dear, is as necessary in dangers as courage.

Damaris. But you are too rich to have courage. You should fight by deputy. 'Tis only for poor people to be brave and desperate, who cannot afford to live.

Enter

Enter Maids, &c. one after another.

1st Maid. The pyrates, Sir, the pyrates! Mercy upon us, what will become of us poor helpless women!

2d Maid. We shall all be ravish'd.

1st Old Woman. All be ravish'd!

2d Old Woman. Ay to be sure, we shall be ravish'd; all be ravish'd!

1st Old Wom. But if fortune will have it so, patience is a vertue, and we must undergo it.

2d Old Wom. Ay, for certain we must all bear it, Mrs. *Damaris*.

3d Footm. A soldier, Sir, from the *Indian* Camp, desires admittance. He's here, Sir. [*Enter Indian.*]

Indian. I come, Sir, to the *English* colony, with whom we are in alliance, from the mighty King *Pohetohee*, my lord and master, and address my self to you, as you are of the council, for succours. The pyrates are ravaging and plund'ring the country, and we are now in arms, ready for battle, to oppose 'em.

Ducat. Does *Macheath* command the enemy?

Indian. Report says he is dead. Above twelve moons are pass'd since we heard of him. *Morano*, a Negro villain, is their chief, who in rapine and barbarities is even equal to him.

Ducat. I shall inform the council, and we shall soon be ready to joyn you. So acquaint the King your master.

Exit Indian.

A I R

A I R XVII. March in *Scipio*.

Brave boys prepare. to the men.
Ah! Cease, fond Wife to cry. to her.

Servant. *For when the danger's near,
 We've time enough to fly.*

Mrs. Ducat. *How can you be disgrac'd!
 For wealth secures your fame.*

Servant. *The rich are always plac'd
 Above the sense of shame.*

Mrs. Ducat. *Let honour spur the slave,
 To fight for fighting's sake:*

Ducat. *But even the rich are brave
 When money is at stake.*

Be satisfy'd, my dear, I shall be discreet. My servants here will take care that I be not over-rash, for their wages depend upon me. But before I go to council—come hither *Polly*; I intreat you, Wife, to take her into your service. [*Enter Polly.*] And use her civilly. Indeed, my dear, your suspicions are very frivolous and unreasonable.

Mrs. *Ducat*. I hate to have a handsome wench about me. They are always so saucy!

Ducat. Women, by their jealousies, put one in mind of doing that which otherwise we should never think of. Why you are a proof, my dear, that a handsome woman may be honest.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Ducat*. I find you can say a civil thing to me still.

Ducat. Affairs, you see, call me hence. And so I leave her under your protection.

SCENE XIII.

Mrs. *DUCAT*, *DAMARIS*.

Mrs. *Ducat*. Away, into the other room again. When I want you, I'll call you. [*Exit Polly.*] Well, *Damaris*, to be sure you have observ'd all that has pass'd. I will know all. I'm sure she's a hussy.

Damaris. Nay, Madam, I can't say so much. But——

Mrs. *Ducat*. But what?

Damaris. I hate to make mischief.

A I R XVIII. Jig-it-o'Foot.

*Better to doubt
All that's doing,
Than to find out
Proofs of ruin.*

*What servants hear and see
Should they tattle,
Marriage all day would be
Feuds and battle.*

A servant's legs and hands should be under your command, but, for the sake of quiet, you should leave their tongues to their own discretion.

Mrs.
F

Mrs. *Ducat*. I vow, *Damaris*, I will know it.

Damaris. To be sure, Madam, the door was bolted, and I could only listen. There was a sort of a bustle between 'em, that's certain. What past I know not. But the noise they made, to my thinking, did not sound very honest.

Mrs. *Ducat*. Noises that did not sound very honest, said you?

Damaris. Nay, Madam, I am a maid, and have no experience. If you had heard them, you would have been a better judge of the matter.

Mrs. *Ducat*. An impudent slut! I'll have her before me. If she be not a thorough profligate, I shall make a discovery by her behaviour. Go call her to me.

Exit Damaris and returns.

SCENE XIV.

Mrs. *DUCAT*, *DAMARIS*, *POLLY*.

Mrs. *Ducat*. In my own house! Before my face! I'll have you sent to the house of correction, strumpet. By that over-honest look, I guess her to be a horrid jade. A mere hypocrite, that is perfectly white-wash'd with innocence. My blood rises at the sight of all strumpets, for they are smugglers in love, that ruin us fair traders in matrimony. Look upon me, Mrs. brazen. She has no feeling of shame. She is so
us'd

us'd to impudence, that she has not a blush within her. Do you know, madam, that I am Mr. *Ducat's* wife?

Polly. As your servant, Madam, I think my self happy.

Mrs. *Ducat.* You know Mr. *Ducat*, I suppose. She has beauty enough to make any woman alive hate her.

A I R XIX. Trumpet Minuet.

*Abroad after misses most husbands will roam,
Tho' sure they find woman sufficient at home.
To be nos'd by a strumpet! Hence, hussy you'd best.
Would he give me my due, I wou'd give her the rest.*

I vow I had rather have a thief in my house. For to be sure she is that besides.

Polly. If you were acquainted with my misfortunes, Madam, you could not insult me.

Mrs. *Ducat.* What does the wench mean?

Damaris. There's not one of these common creatures, but, like common beggars, hath a moving story at her finger's ends, which they tell over, when they are maudlin, to their lovers. I had a sweetheart, Madam, who was a rake, and I know their ways very well, by hearsay.

Polly. What villains are hypocrites! For they rob those of relief, who are in real distress. I know what it is to be unhappy in marriage.

Mrs. *Ducat.* Married!

Polly.

Polly. Unhappily.

Mrs. Ducat. When, where, to whom?

Polly. If woman can have faith in woman, may my words find belief. Proteſtations are to be ſuſpected, ſo I ſhall uſe none. If truth can prevail, I know you will pity me.

Mrs. Ducat. Her manner and behaviour are ſo particular, that is to ſay, ſo ſincere, that I muſt hear her ſtory. Unhappily married! That is a miſfortune not to be remedied.

Polly. A conſtant woman hath but one chance to be happy; an inconstant woman, tho' ſhe hath no chance to be very happy, can never be very unhappy.

Damaris. Believe me, *Mrs. Polly*, as to pleaſures of all ſorts, 'tis a much more agreeable way to be inconstant.

A I R XX. *Polwart* on the Green.

*Love now is nought but art,
'Tis who can juggle beſt;
To all men ſeem to give your heart,
But keep it in your breaſt.
What gain and pleaſure do we find,
Who change whene'er we liſt!
The mill that turns with every wind
Muſt bring the owner griſt.*

Polly. My caſe, Madam, may in theſe times be
look'd

look'd upon as singular; for I married a man only because I lov'd him. For this I was look'd upon as a fool by all my acquaintance; I was us'd inhumanly by my father and mother; and to compleat, my misfortunes, my husband, by his wild behaviour, incurr'd the sentence of the law, and was separated from me by banishment. Being inform'd he was in this country, upon the death of my father and mother, with most of my small fortune, I came here to seek him.

Mrs. *Ducat*. But how then fell you into the hands of that consummate bawd, *Trapes*?

Polly. In my voyage, Madam, I was robb'd of all I had. Upon my landing in a strange country, and in want, I was found out by this inhuman woman, who had been an acquaintance of my father's: She offer'd me at first the civilities of her own house. When she was inform'd of my necessities, she propos'd to me the service of a Lady; of which I readily accepted. 'Twas under that pretence that she treacherously sold me to your husband as a mistress. This, Madam, is in short the whole truth. I fling my self at your feet for protection. By relieving me, you make your self easy.

Mrs. *Ducat*. What is't you propose?

Polly. In conniving at my escape, you save me from your husband's worrying me with threats and violence, and at the same time quiet your own fears and jealousies. If it is ever in my power, Madam, with gratitude I will repay you my ransom.

Damaris.

Damaris. Besides, Madam, you will effectually revenge your self upon your husband; for the loss of the money he paid for her will touch him to the quick.

Mrs. Ducat. But have you consider'd what you request? We are invaded by the pyrates: The *Indians* are in arms; the whole country is in commotion, and you will every where be expos'd to danger.

Damaris. Get rid of her at any rate. For such is the vanity of man, that when once he has begun with a woman, out of pride he will insist upon his point.

Polly. In staying with you, Madam, I make two people unhappy. And I chuse to bear my own misfortunes, without being the cause of another's.

Mrs. Ducat. If I let her escape before my husband's return, he will imagine she got off by the favour of this bustle and confusion.

Polly. May heaven reward your charity.

Mrs. Ducat. A woman so young and so handsome must be expos'd to continual dangers. I have a suit of cloaths by me of my nephew's, who is dead. In a man's habit you will run fewer risques. I'll assist you too for the present with some money; and, as a traveller, you may with greater safety make enquiries after your husband.

Polly. How shall I ever make a return for so much goodness?

Mrs. Ducat. May love reward your constancy. As for that perfidious monster *Trapes*, I will deliver her
into

into the hands of the magistrate. Come, *Damaris*, let us this instant equip her for her adventures.

Damaris. When she is out of the house, without doubt, Madam, you will be more easy. And I wish she may be so too.

Polly. May vertue be my protection; for I feel within me hope, cheerfulness, and resolution.

A I R XXI. *St. Martin's Lane.*

*As pilgrims thro' devotion
 To some shrine pursue their way,
 They tempt the raging ocean,
 And thro' desarts stray.
 With zeal their hope desiring,
 The saint their breast inspiring
 With cheerful air,
 Devoid of fear,
 They every danger bear.
 Thus equal zeal possessing,
 I seek my only blessing.
 O love, my honest vow regard!
 My truth protect,
 My steps direct,
 His flight detect,
 A faithful wife reward.*

Exit.



ACT II



ACT II. SCENE I.

The View of an INDIAN Country.

POLLY in Boy's Cloaths.

AIR XXII. La Villanella.

*WHY did you spare him,
O'er seas to bear him,
Far from his home, and constant bride?
When Papa 'peach'd him,
If death had reach'd him,
I then had only sigh'd, wept, and dy'd!*

If my directions are right, I cannot be far from the village. With the habit, I must put on the courage and resolution of a man; for I am every where surrounded with dangers. By all I can learn of these pyrates, my dear *Macheath* is not of the crew. Perhaps I may hear of him among the slaves of the next plantation. How sultry is the day! the cool of this shade will refresh me. I am jaded too with reflection. How restless is love! [*Musick, two or three bars of the dead March*] My imagination follows him every where, would my feet
were

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were as swift. The world then could not hide him from me. [*two or three bars more*] Yet even thought is now bewildered in pursuing him. [*two or three bars more*] I'm tired, I'm faint. [*the Symphony.*]

AIR XXIII. Dead March in *Coriolanus*.

*Sleep, O sleep,
With thy rod of incantation,
Charm my imagination.
Then, only then, I cease to weep.
By thy power,
The virgin, by time o'ertaken,
For years forlorn, forsaken,
Enjoys the happy hour.
What's to sleep?
'Tis a visionary blessing;
A dream that's past expressing;
Our utmost wish possessing;
So may I always keep. falls asleep.*

SCENE II.

*CAPSTERN, HACKER, CULVERIN,
LAGUERRE, CUTLACE. Polly asleep in a
distant part of the stage.*

Hacker. We shall find but a cool reception from *Morano*, if we return without either booty or intelligence.

Culverin.

Culverin. A man of invention hath always intelligence ready. I hope we are not exempted from the privilege of travellers.

Capstern. If we had got booty, you know we had resolv'd to agree in a lye. And, gentlemen, we will not have our diligence and duty call'd in question for that which every common servant has at his finger's end for his justification.

Laguerre. Alack, gentlemen, we are not such bunglers in love or politicks, but we must know that either to get favour or keep it, no man ever speaks what he thinks, but what is convenient.

A I R XXIV. Three Sheep-skins.

Cutlace. *Of all the sins that are money-supplying;
Consider the world, 'tis past all denying,
With all sorts,
In towns or courts,
The richest sin is lying.*

Culverin. Fatigue, gentlemen, should have refreshment. No man is requir'd to do more than his duty. Let us repose our selves a-while. A sup or two of our cag would quicken invention.

[They sit and drink.

All. Agreed.

Hacker.

Hacker. I had always a genius for ambition. Birth and education cannot keep it under. Our profession is great, brothers. What can be more heroic than to have declar'd war with the whole world?

Culverin. 'Tis a pleasure to me to recollect times past, and to observe by what steps a genius will push his fortune.

Hacker. Now as to me, brothers, mark you me. After I had rubb'd through my youth with variety of adventures, I was prefer'd to be footman to an eminent gamester, where, after having improv'd my self by his manners and conversation, I left him, betook my self to his politer profession, and cheated like a gentleman. For some time I kept a *Pharaon*-Bank with success, but unluckily in a drunken bout was stript by a more expert brother of the trade. I was now, as 'tis common with us upon these occasions, forc'd to have recourse to the highway for a recruit to set me up; but making the experiment once too often, I was try'd, and receiv'd sentence; but got off for transportation. Which hath made me the man I am.

Laguerre. From a footman I grew to be a pimp to a man of quality. Considering I was for sometime in that employment, I look upon my self as particularly unlucky, that I then miss'd making my fortune. But, to give him his due, only his death could have prevented it. Upon this, I betook my self to another
service,

service, where my wages not being sufficient for my pleasures, I robb'd my master, and retir'd to visit foreign parts.

Capstern. Now, you must know, I was a drawer of one of the fashionable taverns, and of consequence was daily in the politest conversations. Tho' I say it, no body was better bred. I often cheated my master, and as a dutiful servant, now and then cheated for him. I had always my gallantries with the ladies that the lords and gentlemen brought to our house. I was ambitious too of a gentleman's profession, and turn'd gamester. Tho' I had great skill and no scruples, my play would not support my extravagancies: So that now and then I was forc'd to rob with pistols too. So I also owe my rank in the world to transportation.

Culverin. Our chief, *Morano*, brothers, had never been the man he is, had he not been train'd up in *England*. He has told me, that from his infancy he was the favourite page of a lady. He had a genius too above service, and, like us, ran into higher life. And, indeed, in manners and conversation, tho' he is black, no body has more the air of a great man.

Hacker. He is too much attach'd to his pleasures. That mistress of his is a clog to his ambition. She's an arrant *Cleopatra*.

Laguerre. If it were not for her, the *Indies* would be our own.

AIR

A I R XXV. Rigadoon.

*By women won,
We're all undone,
Each wench hath a Syren's charms.
The lover's deeds
Are good or ill,
As whim succeeds
In woman's will:
Resolution is lull'd in her arms.*

Hacker. A man in love is no more to be depended on than a man in liquor, for he is out of himself.

A I R XXVI. Ton humeur est Catharine.

*Woman's like the flatt'ring ocean,
Who her pathless ways can find?
Every blast directs her motion
Now she's angry, now she's kind.
What a fool's the vent'rous lover,
Whirl'd and toss'd by every wind!
Can the bark the port recover
When the silly Pilot's blind?*

Hacker. A good horse is never turn'd loose among mares, till all his good deeds are over. And really your heroes should be serv'd the same way; for after they take to women, they have no good deeds to come. That inviegling gipsey, brothers, must be hawl'd
from

from him by force. And then—the kingdom of *Mexico* shall be mine. My lot shall be the kingdom of *Mexico*.

Capstern. Who talks of *Mexico*? [*all rise*] I'll never give it up. If you outlive me, brother, and I dye without heirs, I'll leave it to you for a legacy. I hope now you are satisfy'd. I have set my heart upon it, and no body shall dispute it with me.

Laguerre. The island of *Cuba*, methinks, brother, might satisfy any reasonable man.

Culverin. That I had allotted for you. *Mexico* shall not be parted with without my consent, captain *Morano* to be sure will choose *Peru*; that's the country of gold, and all your great men love gold. *Mexico* hath only silver, nothing but silver. Governor of *Cartagena*, brother, is a pretty snug employment. That I shall not dispute with you.

Capstern. Death, Sir,—I shall not part with *Mexico* so easily.

Hacker. Nor I.

Culverin. Nor I.

Laguerre. Nor I.

Culverin. Nor I.

Hacker. Draw then, and let the survivor take it.

[*they fight*.

Polly. Bless me, what noise was that! Clashing of swords and fighting! Which way shall I fly, how shall I escape?

Capstern.

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Capstern. Hold, hold, gentlemen, let us decide our pretensions some other time. I see booty. A prisoner. Let us seize him.

Culverin. From him we will extort both ransom and intelligence.

Polly. Spare my life gentlemen. If you are the men I take you for, I sought you to share your fortunes.

Hacker. Why, who do you take us for, friend?

Polly. For those brave spirits, those *Alexanders*, that shall soon by conquest be in possession of the *Indies*.

Laguerre. A mett'l'd young fellow.

Capstern. He speaks with respect too, and gives us our titles.

Culverin. Have you heard of captain *Morano*?

Polly. I came hither in meer ambition to serve under him.

A I R XXVII. Ye nymphs and sylvan gods.

*I hate those coward tribes,
Who by mean sneaking bribes,
By tricks and disguise,
By flattery and lies,
To power and grandeur rise.
Like heroes of old
You are greatly bold,
The sword your cause supports.
Untaught to fawn,*

You

*You ne'er were drawn
Your truth to pawn
Among the spawn,
Who practise the frauds of courts.*

I would willingly choose the more honourable way of making a fortune.

Hacker. The youth speaks well. Can you inform us, my lad, of the disposition of the enemy? Have the *Indians* joyn'd the factory? We should advance towards 'em immediately. Who knows but they may side with us? May-hap they may like our tyranny better.

Polly. I am a stranger, gentlemen, and entirely ignorant of the affairs of this country: But in the most desperate undertaking, I am ready to risque your fortunes.

Hacker. Who, and what are you, friend!

Polly. A young fellow, who has genteely run out his fortune with a spirit, and would now with more spirit retrieve it.

Culverin. The lad may be of service. Let us bring him before *Morano*, and leave him to his disposal.

Polly. Gentlemen, I thank you.

A I R XXVIII. Minuet.

Culverin. *Cheer up my lads, let us push on the fray.
For battles, like women, are lost by delay.*

Let

*Let us seize victory while in our power;
 Alike war and love have their critical hour.
 Our hearts bold and steady
 Should always be ready,
 So, think war a widow, a kingdom the dower,*
 Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Another Country Prospect.

MORANO, JENNY.

Morano. Sure, hussy, you have more ambition and more vanity than to be serious in persuading me to quit my conquests. Where is the woman who is not fond of title? And one bold step more, may make you a queen, you gipsy. Think of that.

AIR XXIX. Mirleton.

*When I'm great, and flush of treasure,
 Check'd by neither fear or shame,
 You shall tread a round of pleasure,
 Morning, noon, and night the same.
 With a Mirleton, &c.*

*Like a city wife or beauty
 You shall flutter life away;
 And shall know no other duty,
 But to dress, eat, drink, and play
 With a Mirleton, &c.*

When
 G

When you are a queen, *Jenny*, you shall keep your coach and six, and shall game as deep as you please. So, there's the two chief ends of woman's ambition satisfy'd.

A I R X X X .

Sawny was tall, and of noble race.

*Shall I not be bold when honour calls?
You've a heart that would upbraid me then.*

*Jenny. But, ah, I fear, if my hero falls,
Thy Jenny shall ne'er know pleasure again.*

*Morano. To deck their wives fond tradesmen cheat;
I conquer but to make thee great.*

*Jenny. But if my hero falls, — ah then
Thy Jenny shall ne'er know pleasure again!*

Morano. Insinuating creature! but you must own *Jenny*, you have had convincing proofs of my fondness; and if you were reasonable in your love, you should have some regard to my honour, as well as my person.

Jenny. Have I ever betray'd you, since you took me to your self? That's what few women can say, who ever were trusted.

Morano. In love, *Jenny*, you cannot out-do me. Was it not entirely for you that I disguis'd my self as
a black,

a black, to skreen my self from women who laid claim to me where-ever I went? Is not the rumour of my death, which I purposely spread, credited thro' the whole country? *Macheath* is dead to all the world but you. Not one of the crew have the least suspicion of me.

Jenny. But, dear captain, you would not sure persuade me that I have all of you. For tho' women cannot claim you, you now and then lay claim to other women. But my jealousy was never teasing or vexatious. You will pardon me, my dear.

Morano. Now you are silly, *Jenny*. Pr'ythee—poh! Nature girl is not to be corrected at once. What do you propose? What would you have me do? Speak out, let me know your mind.

Jenny. Know when you are well.

Morano. Explain your self; speak your sentiments freely.

Jenny. You have a competence in your power. Rob the crew, and steal off to *England*. Believe me, Captain, you will be rich enough to be respected by your neighbours.

Morano. Your opinion of me startles me. For I never in my life was treacherous but to women; and you know men of the nicest punctilio make nothing of that.

Jenny. Look round among all the snug fortunes that are made, and you will find most of 'em were
secur'd

secur'd by a judicious retreat. Why will you bar your self from the customs of the times ?

A I R XXXI. Northern *Nancy*.

*How many men have found the skill
Of power and wealth acquiring?
But sure there's a time to stint the will
And the judgment is in retiring.
For to be displac'd,
For to be disgrac'd,
Is the end of too high aspiring.*

Enter Sailor.

Sailor. Sir, Lieutenant *Vanderbluff* wants to speak with you. And he hopes your honour will give him the hearing. *Exit.*

Morano. Leave me, *Jenny*, for a few minutes. Perhaps he would speak with me in private.

Jenny. Think of my advice before it is too late. By this kiss I beg it of you. *Exit.*

SCENE IV.

MORANO, VANDERBLUFF.

Vanderbluff. For shame, Captain; what, hamper'd in the arms of a woman, when your honour and glory are all at stake! while a man is grappling with these gil-firts, pardon the expression, Captain, he runs his
reason

reason a-ground; and there must be a woundy deal of labour to set it a-float again.

A I R XXXII. Amante fuggite cadente belta.

*Fine women are devils, compleat in their way,
They always are roving and cruising for prey.
When we flounce on their hook, their views they obtain,
Like those too their pleasure is giving us pain.*

Excuse my plain speaking, Captain; a boatswain must swear in a storm, and a man must speak plain, when he sees foul weather a-head of us.

Morano. D'you think me like the wheat-ear, only fit for sunshine, who cannot bear the least cloud over him? No *Vanderbluff*, I have a heart that can face a tempest of dangers. Your blust'ring will but make me obstinate. You seem frighten'd, Lieutenant.

Vanderbluff. From any body but you, that speech should have had another-guess answer than words. Death, Captain, are not the *Indies* in dispute? an hour's delay may make their hands too many for us. Give the word, Captain, this hand shall take the *Indian King* pris'ner, and keel-hawl him afterwards, 'till I make him discover his gold. I have known you eager to venture your life for a less prize.

Morano. Are *Hacker, Culverin, Capstern, Laguerre* and the rest, whom we sent out for intelligence, return'd, that you are under this immediate alarm?

Vanderbluff.

Vanderbluff. No, Sir; but from the top of yon' hill, I my self saw the enemy putting themselves in order of battle.

Morano. But we have nothing at all to apprehend; for we have still a safe retreat to our ships.

Vanderbluff. To our woman, you mean. Furies! you talk like one. If our Captain is bewitch'd, shall we be be-devil'd, and lose the footing we have got?

Draws.

Morano. Take care, Lieutenant. This language may provoke me. I fear no man. I fear nothing, and that you know. Put up your cutlace, Lieutenant, for I shall not ruin our cause by a private quarrel.

Vanderbluff. Noble Captain, I ask pardon.

Morano. A brave man should be cool till action, Lieutenant; when danger presses us, I am always ready. Be satisfy'd, I'll take my leave of my wife, and then take the command.

Vanderbluff. That's what you can never do till you have her leave. She is but just gone from you, Sir. See her not; hear her not; the breath of a woman has ever prov'd a contrary wind to great actions.

Morano. I tell you I will see her. I have got rid of many a woman in my time, and you may trust me——

Vanderbluff. With any woman but her. The husband that is govern'd is the only man that never finds out that he is so.

Morano. This then, Lieutenant, shall try my resolution.

lution. In the mean time, send out parties and scouts to observe the motions of the *Indians*.

A I R XXXIII. Since all the world's turn'd upside down.

*Tho' different passions rage by turns,
 Within my breast fermenting;
 Now blazes love, now honour burns,
 I'm here, I'm there consenting.
 I'll each obey, so keep my oath,
 That oath by which I won her:
 With truth and steddiness in both,
 I'll act like a man of honour.*

Doubt me not, Lieutenant. But I'll now go with you, to give the necessary commands, and after that return to take my leave before the battle.

SCENE V.

MORANO, VANDERBLUFF,
 JENNY, CAPSTERN, CULVERIN,
 HACKER, LAGUERRE, POLLY.

Jenny. *Hacker*, Sir, and the rest of the party are return'd with a prisoner. Perhaps from him you may learn some intelligence that may be useful. See, here they are. — A clever sprightly young fellow! I like him.

[*Aside.*
Vanderbluff.

Vanderbluff. What cheer, my lads? has fortune sent you a good prize?

Jenny. He seems some rich planter's son.

Vanderbluff. In the common practice of commerce you should never slip an opportunity, and for his ransome, no doubt, there will be room for comfortable extortion.

Morano. Hath he inform'd you of any thing that may be of service? where pick'd you him up? whence is he?

Hacker. We found him upon the road. He is a stranger it seems in these parts. And as our heroes generally set out, extravagance, gaming and debauchery have qualify'd him for a brave man.

Morano. What are you, friend?

Polly. A young fellow, who hath been robb'd by the world; and I came on purpose to join you, to rob the world by way of retaliation. An open war with the whole world is brave and honourable. I hate the clandestine pilfering war that is practis'd among friends and neighbours in civil societies. I would serve, Sir.

A I R XXXIV. Hunt the Squirrel.

*The world is always jarring;
This is pursuing
T'other man's ruin,
Friends with friends are warring,
In a false cowardly way.*

Spurr'd

*Spurr'd on by emulations,
Tongues are engaging,
Calumny, raging
Murthers reputations,
Envy keeps up the fray.
Thus, with burning hate,
Each, returning hate,
Wounds and robs his friends.
In civil life,
Even man and wife
Squabble for selfish ends.*

Jenny. He really is a mighty pretty man. [*Aside.*

Vanderbluff. The lad promises well, and has just notions of the world.

Morano. Whatever other great men do, I love to encourage merit. The youth pleases me; and if he answers in action——d'you hear me, my lad?——your fortune is made. Now Lieutenant *Vanderbluff*, I am for you.

Vanderbluff. Discipline must not be neglected.

Morano. When every thing is settled, my dear *Jenny*, I will return to take my leave. After that, young gentleman, I shall try your mettle. In the mean time, *Jenny*, I leave you to sift him with farther questions. He has liv'd in the world, you find, and may have learnt to be treacherous.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

JENNY, POLLY.

Jenny. How many women have you ever ruin'd, young gentleman!

Polly. I have been ruin'd by women, madam. But I think indeed a man's fortune cannot be more honourably dispos'd of; for those have always a kind of claim to their protection, who have been ruin'd in their service.

Jenny. Were you ever in love?

Polly. With the sex.

Jenny. Had you never a woman in love with you?

Polly. All the women that ever I knew were mercenary.

Jenny. But sure you cannot think all women so.

Polly. Why not as well as all men? The manners of courts are catching.

Jenny. If you have found only such usage, a generous woman can the more oblige you. Why so bashful, young spark? You don't look as if you would revenge your self on the sex.

Polly. I lost my impudence with my fortune. Poverty keeps down assurance.

Jenny. I am a plain-spoken woman, as you may find, and I own I like you. And, let me tell you, to be my favourite may be your best step to preferment.

A I R

AIR XXXV. Young *Damon* once the loveliest swain.

*In love and life the present use.
 One hour we grant, the next refuse;
 Who then would risque a nay?
 Were lovers wise they would be kind,
 And in our eyes the moment find;
 For only then they may.*

Like other women I shall run to extremes. If you won't make me love you, I shall hate you. There never was a man of true courage, who was a coward in love. Sure you are not afraid of me, stripling?

taking Polly by the hand.

Polly. I know you only railly me. Respect, madam, keeps me in awe.

Jenny. By your expression and behaviour, one would think I were your wife. If so, I may make use of her freedoms, and do what I please without shame or restraint. [*Kisses her.*] Such raillery as this, my dear, requires replication.

Polly. You'll pardon me then, Madam. [*Kisses her.*

Jenny. What, my cheek! let me dye, if by your kiss, I should not take you for my brother or my father.

Polly. I must put on more assurance, or I shall be discover'd. [*Aside.*] Nay then, Madam, if a woman will allow me liberties, they are never flung away upon me. If I am too rude — [*Kisses her.*

Jenny. A woman never pardons the contrary fault.

AIR

A I R XXXVI. Catharine Ogye.

*We never blame the forward swain,
Who puts us to the tryal.*

Polly. *I know you first would give me pain,
Then baulk me with denial.*

Jenny. *What mean we then by being try'd?*

Polly. *With scorn and slight to use us.
Most beauties, to indulge their pride,
Seem kind but to refuse us.*

Jenny. Come then, my dear, let us take a turn in yonder grove. A woman never shews her pride but before witnesses.

Polly. How shall I get rid of this affair? [*Aside.*] *Morano* may surprize us.

Jenny. That is more a wife's concern. Consider, young man, if I have put my self in your power, you are in mine.

Polly. We may have more easy and safe opportunities. Besides, I know, Madam, you are not serious.

Jenny. To a man who loses one opportunity, we never grant a second. excuses! consideration! he hath not a spark of love in him. I must be his aversion! go, monster, I hate you, and you shall find I can be reveng'd.

A I R XXXVII. Roger a Coverly.

*My heart is by love forsaken,
I feel the tempest growing.*

A fury

*A fury the place hath taken,
I rage, I burn, I'm glowing.
Tho' Cupid's arrows are erring,
Or indifference may secure ye,
When woman's revenge is stirring,
You cannot escape that fury.*

I could bear your excuses, but those looks of indifference kill me.

SCENE VII.

JENNY, POLLY, MORANO.

Jenny. Sure never was such insolence! how could you leave me with this bawdy-house bully? for if he had been bred a page, he must have made his fortune. If I had given him the least encouragement, it would not have provok'd me. Odious creature!

Morano. What-a-vengeance is the matter?

Jenny. Only an attempt upon your wife. So ripe an assurance! he must have suck'd in impudence from his mother.

Morano. An act of friendship only. He meant to push his fortune with the husband. 'Tis the way of the town, my dear.

A I R XXXVIII. Bacchus m'a dit.

*By halves no friend
Now seeks to do you pleasure.*

Their

*Their help they lend
In every part of life;
If husbands part,
The friend hath always leisure;
Then all his heart
Is bent to please the wife.*

Jenny. I hate you for being so little jealous.

Morano. Sure, *Jenny*, you know the way of the world better, than to be surpriz'd at a thing of this kind. 'Tis a civility that all you fine ladies expect; and, upon the like occasion, I could not have answer'd for myself. I own, I have a sort of partiality to impudence. Perhaps too, his views might be honourable. If I had been kill'd in battle, 'tis good to be beforehand. You know 'tis a way often practis'd to make sure of a widow.

Jenny. If I find you so easy in these affairs, you may make my vertue less obstinate.

A I R XXXIX. Health to *Betty*.

*If husbands sit unsteady,
Most wives for freaks are ready.
Neglect the rein
The steed again
Grows skittish, wild and heady.*

Your behaviour forces me to say, what my love for you
will

will never let me put in practice. You are too safe, too secure, to think of pleasing me.

Morano. Tho' I like impudence, yet 'tis not so agreeable when put in practice upon my own wife: and jesting apart, young fellow, if I ever catch you thinking this way again, a cat-o'-nine-tails shall cool your courage.

SCENE VIII.

MORANO, JENNY, POLLY, VANDER-BLUFF, CAPSTERN, LAGUERRE, &c.
with CAWWAWKEE Prisoner.

Van. The party, captain, is return'd with success. After a short skirmish, the *Indian* prince *Cawwawkee* here was made prisoner, and we want your orders for his disposal.

Mor. Are all our troops ready and under arms?

Van. They wait but for your command. Our numbers are strong. All the ships crews are drawn out, and the slaves that have deserted to us from the plantations are all brave determin'd fellows, who must behave themselves well.

Mor. Look'e lieutenant, the trussing up this prince, in my opinion, would strike a terror among the enemy. Besides, dead men can do no mischief. Let a gibbet be set up, and swing him off between the armies before the onset.

Van.

Van. By your leave, captain, my advice blows directly contrary. Whatever may be done hereafter, I am for putting him first of all upon examination. The *Indians* to be sure have hid their treasures, and we shall want a guide to shew us the best plunder.

Mor. The counsel is good. I will extort intelligence from him. Bring me word when the enemy are in motion, and that instant I'll put myself at your head. [*Exit Sailor.*] Do you know me, prince?

Caw. As a man of injustice I know you, who covets and invades the properties of another.

Mor. Do you know my power?

Caw. I fear it not.

Mor. Do you know your danger?

Caw. I am prepar'd to meet it.

A I R XL. Cappe de bonne Esperance.

*The body of the brave may be taken,
If chance bring on our adverse hour;
But the noble soul is unshaken,
For that still is in our power:
'Tis a rock whose firm foundation
Mocks the waves of perturbation;
'Tis a never-dying ray,
Brighter in our evil Day.*

Mor. Meer downright Barbarians, you see lieutenant. They have our notional honour still in practice among 'em.

Van.

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Van. We must beat civilizing into 'em, to make 'em capable of common society, and common conversation.

Mor. Stubborn prince, mark me well. Know you, I say, that your life is in my power?

Caw. I know too, that my virtue is in my own.

Mor. Not a mule, or an old out-of-fashion'd philosopher could be more obstinate. Can you feel pain?

Caw. I can bear it.

Mor. I shall try you.

Caw. I speak truth, I never affirm but what I know.

Mor. In what condition are your troops? What numbers have you? How are they dispos'd? Act reasonably and openly, and you shall find protection.

Caw. What, betray my friends! I am no coward, *European.*

Mor. Torture shall make you squeak.

Caw. I have resolution; and pain shall neither make me lie or betray. I tell thee once more *European*, I am no coward.

Van. What, neither cheat nor be cheated! There is no having either commerce or correspondence with these creatures.

Jen. We have reason to be thankful for our good education. How ignorant is mankind without it!

Cap. I wonder to hear the brute speak.

Lag.

H

Lag. They would make a shew of him in *England*.

Jen. Poh, they would only take him for a fool.

Cap. But how can you expect any thing else from a creature, who hath never seen a civiliz'd country? Which way should he know mankind?

Jen. Since they are made like us, to be sure, were they in *England* they might be taught.

Lag. Why we see country gentlemen grow into courtiers, and country gentlewomen, with a little polishing of the town, in a few months become fine ladies.

Jen. Without doubt, education and example can do much.

Pol. How happy are these savages! Who would not wish to be in such ignorance. [*Aside.*

Mor. Have done, I beg you, with your musty reflections: You but interrupt the examination. You have treasures, you have gold and silver among you, I suppose.

Caw. Better it had been for us if that shining earth had never been brought to light.

Mor. That you have treasures then you own, it seems. I am glad to hear you confess something.

Caw. But out of benevolence we ought to hide it from you. For, as we have heard, 'tis so rank a poison to you *Europeans*, that the very touch of it makes you mad.

A I R

AIR XLI.

When bright Aurelia tripp'd the plain.

*For gold you sacrifice your fame,
Your honour, life and friend:
You war, you fawn, you lie, you game,
And plunder without fear or shame;
Can madness this transcend?*

Mor. Bold savage, we are not to be insulted with your ignorance. If you would save your lives, you must, like the beaver, leave behind you what we hunt you for, or we shall not quit the chase. Discover your treasures, your hoards, for I will have the ransacking of 'em.

Jen. By his seeming to set some value upon gold, one would think that he had some glimmering of sense.

AIR XLII. Peggy's Mill.

*When gold is in hand,
It gives us command;
It makes us lov'd and respected.
'Tis now, as of yore,
Wit and sense, when poor,
Are scorn'd, o'rlook'd and neglected.
Tho' peevish and old,
If women have gold.
They have youth, good-humour and beauty:*

Among

H 2

*Among all mankind
Without it we find
Nor love, nor favour nor duty.*

Mor. I will have no more of these interruptions. Since women will be always talking, one would think they had a chance now and then to talk in season. Once more I ask you, obstinate, audacious savage, if I grant you your life, will you be useful to us? For you shall find mercy upon no other terms. I will have immediate compliance, or you shall undergo the torture.

Caw. With dishonour life is nothing worth.

Mor. Furies! I'll trifle no longer.

R E C I T A T I V E .

Sia suggetta la plebe in Coriolan.

Hence let him feel his sentence.

Pain brings repentance.

Lag. You would not have us put him to death, captain?

Mor. Torture him leisurely, but severely. I shall stagger your resolution, *Indian*.

R E C I T A T I V E .

Hence let him feel his sentence.

Pain brings repentance.

But hold, I'll see him tortur'd. I will have the
pleasure

pleasure of extorting answers from him myself. So keep him safe till you have my directions.

Lag. It shall be done.

Mor. As for you, young gentleman, I think it not proper to trust you till I know you farther. Let him be your prisoner too till I give order how to dispose of him.

Exeunt Caw. and Polly guarded.

SCENE IX.

MORANO, JENNY, VANDERBLUFF.

Van. Come, noble captain, take one hearty smack upon her lips, and then steer off; for one kiss requires another, and you will never have done with her. If once a man and woman come to grappling, there's no hawling of 'em asunder. Our friends expect us.

Jen. Nay, lieutenant *Vanderbluff*, he shall not go yet.

Van. I'm out of all patience. There is a time for all things, Madam. But a woman thinks all times must be subservient to her whim and humour. We should be now upon the spot.

Jen. Is the captain under your command, lieutenant?

Van. I know women better than so. I shall never dispute the command with any gentleman's wife. Come captain, a woman will never take the last kiss;
she

she will always want another. Break from her clutches.

Mor. I must go—— But I cannot.

A I R XLIII. Excuse me.

Honour calls me from thy arms, [to him.

With glory my bosom is beating.

Victory summons to arms: then to arms

Let us haste, for we're sure of defeating.

One look more—and then—— [to her

Oh, I am lost again!

What a Power has beauty!

But honour calls, and I must away. [to him.

But love forbids, and I must obey. [to her.

You grow too bold;

[*Vanderbluff pulling him away.*

Hence, loose your hold, [to him.

For love claims all my duty. [to her.

They will bring us word when the enemy is in motion.
I know my own time, lieutenant.

Van. Lose the *Indies* then, with all my heart. Lose the money, and you lose the woman, that I can tell you, captain. Furies, what would the woman be at!

Jen. Not so hasty and choleric, I beg you, lieutenant. Give me the hearing, and perhaps, whatever you may think of us, you may once in your life hear a woman speak reason.

Van.

Van. Dispatch then. And if a few words can satisfy you, be brief.

Jen. Men only slight women's advice thro' an over-conceit of their own opinions. I am against hazarding a battle. Why should we put what we have already got to the risque? We have money enough on board our ships to secure our persons, and can reserve a comfortable subsistence besides. Let us leave the *Indies* to our comrades.

Van. Sure you are the first of the sex that ever stinted herself in love or money. If it were consistent with our honour, her counsel were worth listening to.

Jen. Consistent with our honour! For shame, lieutenant; you talk downright *Indian*. One would take you for the savage's brother or cousin-german at least. You may talk of honour, as other great men do: But when interest comes in your way, you should do as other great men do.

A I R XLIV. Ruben.

*Honour plays a bubble's part,
 Ever bilk'd and cheated;
 Never in ambition's heart,
 Int'rest there is seated.
 Honour was in use of yore,
 Tho' by want attended:
 Since 'twas talk'd of, and no more;
 Lord, how times are mended!*

Van.

Van. What think you of her proposal, noble captain? We may push matters too far.

Jen. Consider, my dear, the *Indies* are only treasures in expectation. All your sensible men, now a days, love the ready. Let us seize the ships then, and away for *England*, while we have the opportunity.

Van. Sure you can have no scruple against treachery, captain. 'Tis as common a money-getting vice as any in fashion; for who now-a-days ever boggles at giving up his crew?

Mor. But the baulking of a great design——

Van. 'Tis better baulking our own designs, than have 'em baulk'd by others; for then our designs and our lives will be cut short together.

A I R XLV. Troy Town.

*When ambition's ten years toils
Have heap'd up mighty hoards of gold;
Amid the harvest of the spoils,
Acquir'd by fraud and rapin bold,
Comes justice. The great scheme is cross'd,
At once wealth, life, and fame, are lost.*

This is a melancholy reflection for ambition, if it ever could think reasonably.

Mor. If you are satisfy'd, and for your security,
Jenny. For any man may allow that he has money enough, when he hath enough to satisfy his wife.

Van.

Van. We may make our retreat without suspicion, for they will readily impute our being mist to the accidents of war.

SCENE X.

MORANO, JENNY, VANDERBLUFF,
SAILOR.

Sail. There is just now news arriv'd, that the troops of the plantation have intercepted the passage to our ships; so that victory is our only hope. The *Indian* forces too are ready to march, and ours grow impatient for your presence, noble captain.

Mor. I'll be with 'em. Come then, lieutenant, for death or the world.

Jen. Nay then, if affairs are desperate, nothing shall part me from you. I'll share your dangers.

Mor. Since I must have an empire, prepare yourself, *Jenny*, for the cares of royalty. Let us on to battle, to victory. Hark the trumpet. [*Trumpet sounds.*]

A I R XLVI. We've cheated the Parson.

Despair leads to battle, no courage so great.

They must conquer or die who've no retreat.

Van. *No retreat.*

Jen. *No retreat.*

Mor. *They must conquer or die who've no retreat.*

Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

A room of a poor cottage.

CAWWAWKEE in chains, POLLY.

Pol. Unfortunate prince! I cannot blame your disbelief, when I tell you that I admire your virtues, and share in your misfortunes.

Caw. To be oppress'd by an *European* implies merit. Yet you are an *European*. Are you fools? Do you believe one another? Sure speech can be of no use among you.

Pol. There are constitutions that can resist a pestilence.

Caw. But sure vice must be inherent in such constitutions. You are asham'd of your hearts, you can lie. How can you bear to look into yourselves?

Pol. My sincerity could even bear your examination.

Caw. You have cancell'd faith. How can I believe you? You are cowards too, for you are cruel.

Pol. Would it were in my power to give you proofs of my compassion.

Caw. You can be avaritious. That is a complication of all vices. It comprehends them all. Heaven guard our country from the infection.

Pol. Yet the worst men allow virtue to be amiable, or there would be no hypocrites.

Caw. Have you then hypocrisy still among you?
For

For all that I have experienc'd of your manners is open violence, and barefac'd injustice. Who that had ever felt the satisfaction of virtue would ever part with it?

AIR XLVII. T'amo tanto.

*Virtue's treasure
Is a pleasure,
Cheerful even amid distress;
Nor pain nor crosses,
Nor grief nor losses,
Nor death itself can make it less :
Here relying,
Suff'ring, dying,
Honest souls find all redress.*

Pol. My heart feels your sentiments, and my tongue longs to join in 'em.

Caw. *Virtue's treasure
Is a pleasure,*

Pol. *Cheerful even amid distress;*

Caw. *Nor pain nor crosses,*

Pol. *Nor grief nor losses,*

Caw. *Nor death itself can make it less.*

Pol. *Here relying,*

Caw. *Suff'ring, dying,*

Pol. *Honest souls find all redress.*

Caw. Having this, I want no other consolation. I am prepar'd for all misfortune.

Pol.

Pol. Had you means of escape, you could not refuse it. To preserve your life is your duty.

Caw. By dishonest means, I scorn it.

Pol. But stratagem is allow'd in war; and 'tis lawful to use all the weapons employ'd against you. You may save your friends from affliction, and be the instrument of rescuing your country.

Caw. Those are powerful inducements. I seek not voluntarily to resign my life. While it lasts, I would do my duty.

Pol. I'll talk with our guard. What induces them to rapin and murder, will induce 'em to betray. You may offer them what they want; and from no hands, upon no terms, corruption can resist the temptation.

Caw. I have no skill. Those who are corrupt themselves know how to corrupt others. You may do as you please. But whatever you promise for me, contrary to the *European* custom, I will perform. For tho' a knave may break his word with a knave, an honest tongue knows no such distinctions.

Pol. Gentlemen, I desire some conference with you, that may be for your advantage.

SCENE XII.

POLLY, CAWWAWKEE, LAGUERRE,
CAPSTERN.

Pol. Know you that you have the *Indian* prince in your custody?

Lag.

Lag. Full well.

Pol. Know you the treasures that are in his power?

Lag. I know too that they shall soon be ours.

Pol. In having him in your possession they are yours.

Lag. As how, friend?

Pol. He might well reward you.

Lag. For what?

Pol. For his liberty.

Caw. Yes, *European*, I can and will reward you.

Cap. He's a great man, and I trust no such promises.

Caw. I have said it, *European*: And an *Indian's* heart is always answerable for his words.

Pol. Think of the chance of war, gentlemen. Conquest is not so sure when you fight against those who fight for their liberties.

Lag. What think you of the proposal?

Cap. The prince can give us places; he can make us all great men. Such a prospect I can tell you, *Laguerre*, would tempt our betters.

Lag. Besides, if we are beaten, we have no retreat to our ships.

Cap. If we gain our ends what matter how we come by it?

Lag. Every man for himself, say I. There is no being even with mankind, without that universal maxim. Consider, brother, we run no risque.

Cap.

Cap. Nay, I have no objections.

Lag. If we conquer'd, and the booty were to be divided among the crews, what would it amount to? Perhaps this way we might get more than would come to our shares.

Cap. Then too, I always lik'd a place at court. I have a genius to get, keep in, and make the most of an employment.

Lag. You will consider, prince, our own politicians would have rewarded such meritorious services: We'll go off with you.

Cap. We want only to be known to be employ'd.

Lag. Let us unbind him then.

Pol. 'Tis thus one able politician outwits another; and we admire their wisdom. You may rely upon the prince's word as much as if he was a poor man.

Cap. Our fortunes then are made.

A I R XLVIII. Down in a meadow.

Pol. *The sportsmen keep hawks, and their quarry they gain;*

Thus the woodcock, the partridge, the pheasant is slain.

What care and expence for their hounds are employ'd!

Thus the fox, and the hare, and the stag are destroy'd.

The spaniel they cherish, whose flattering way

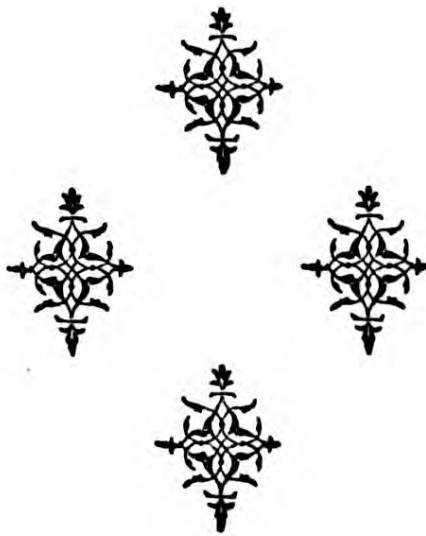
Can

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*Can as well as their masters cringe, fawn and
betray.*

*Thus stanch politicians, look all the world round,
Love the men who can serve as hawk, spaniel or
hound.*

Exeunt.



ACT III



ACT III. SCENE I.

The I N D I A N Camp.

POHETOHEE, Attendants, DUCAT.

Ind. Sir, a party from the *British* factory have join'd us. Their chief attends your majesty's orders for their disposition.

Poh. Let them be posted next my command; for I would be witness of their bravery. But first let their officer know I would see him. *Exit Indian.*

Enter Ducat.

Duc. I would do all in my power to serve your majesty. I have brought up my men, and now, Sir, — I would fain give up. I speak purely upon your majesty's account. For as to courage and all that — I have been a colonel of the militia these ten years.

Poh. Sure, you have not fear. Are you a man?

Duc. A married man, Sir, who carries his wife's heart about him, and that indeed is a little timorous. Upon promise to her, I am engag'd to quit in case of a battle; and her heart hath ever govern'd me more
than

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than my own. Besides, Sir, fighting is not our business; we pay others for fighting; and yet 'tis well known we had rather part with our lives than our money.

Poh. And have you no spirit then to defend it? Your families, your liberties, your properties are at stake. If these cannot move you, you must be born without a heart.

Duc. Alas, Sir, we cannot be answerable for human infirmities.

A I R XLIX. There was an old man, and he liv'd.

*What man can on virtue or courage repose,
Or guess if the touch 'twill abide?
Like gold, if intrinsick sure no body knows,
Till weigh'd in the ballance and try'd.*

Poh. How different are your notions from ours! We think virtue, honour, and courage as essential to man as his limbs, or senses; and in every man we suppose the qualities of a man, till we have found the contrary. But then we regard him only as a brute in disguise. How custom can degrade nature!

Duc. Why should I have any more scruples about myself, than about my money? If I can make my courage pass currant, what matter is it to me whether it be true or false? 'Tis time enough to own a man's failings when they are found out. If your majesty
then

then will not dispense with my duty to my wife, with permission, I'll to my post. 'Tis wonderful to me that kings ever go to war, who have so much to lose, and nothing essential to get. *Exit.*

SCENE II.

POHETOHEE, Attendants.

Poh. My Son a Prisoner! Tortur'd perhaps and inhumanly butcher'd! Human nature cannot bear up against such afflictions. The war must suffer by his absence. More then is requir'd from me. Grief raises my resolution, and calls me to relieve him, or to a just revenge. What mean those shouts?

Enter Indian.

Ind. The prince, Sir, is return'd. The troops are animated by his presence. With some of the pyrates in his retinue, he waits your majesty's commands.

SCENE III.

*POHETOHEE, CAWWAWKEE, POLLY,
LAGUERRE, CAPSTERN, &c.*

Poh. Victory then is ours. Let me embrace him. Welcome, my son. Without thee my heart could not have felt a triumph.

Caw. Let this youth then receive your thanks. To
him

him are owing my life and liberty. And the love of virtue alone gain'd me his friendship.

Poh. This hath convinc'd me that an *European* can be generous and honest.

Caw. These others, indeed, have the passion of their country. I owe their services to gold, and my promise is engag'd to reward them. How it gauls honour to have obligations to a dishonourable man!

Lag. I hope your majesty will not forget our services.

Poh. I am bound for my son's engagements.

Caw. For this youth, I will be answerable. Like a gem found in rubbish, he appears the brighter among these his country men.

A I R L. *Iris la plus charmante.*

*Love with beauty is flying,
At once 'tis blooming and dying,
But all seasons defying,
Friendship lasts on the year.
Love is by long enjoying,
Cloying;
Friendship, enjoy'd the longer,
Stronger.
O may the flame divine
Burn in your breast like mine!*

Pol. Most noble prince, my behaviour shall
justify

justify the good opinion you have of me; and my friendship is beyond professions.

Poh. Let these men remain under guard, till after the battle. All promises shall then be made good to you. *Ex. Pyr. guarded.*

SCENE IV.

POHETOHEE, CAWWAWKEE, POLLY.

Caw. May this young man be my companion in the war. As a boon I request it of you. He knows our cause is just, and that is sufficient to engage him in it.

Poh. I leave you to appoint him his command. Dispose of him as you judge convenient.

Pol. To fall into their hands is certain torture and death. As far as my youth and strength will permit me, you may rely upon my duty. *Enter Indian.*

Ind. Sir, the enemy are advancing towards us.

Poh. Victory then is at hand. Justice protects us, and courage shall support us. Let us then to our posts. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The field of battle.

CULVERIN, HACKER, PYRATES.

A I R LI. There was a Jovial Beggar.

I Pyr. *When horns, with cheerful sound,
Proclaim*

*Proclaim the active day;
Impatience warms the hound,
He burns to chase the prey.*

Chorus. *Thus to battle we will go, &c.*

2 Pyr. *How charms the trumpet's breath!
The brave, with hope possess'd,
Forgetting wounds and death,
Feel conquest in their breast.*

Chorus. *Thus to battle, &c.*

Cul. But yet I don't see, Brother *Hacker*, why we should be commanded by a Neger. 'Tis all along of him that we are led into these difficulties. I hate this land fighting. I love to have sea-room.

Hac. We are of the council, brother. If ever we get on board again, my vote shall be for calling of him to account for these pranks. Why should we be such fools to be ambitious of satisfying another's ambition?

Cul. Let us mutiny. I love mutiny as well as my wife.

1 *Pyr.* Let us mutiny.

2 *Pyr.* Ay, let us mutiny.

Hac. Our captain takes too much upon him. I am for no engrosser of power. By our articles he hath no command but in a fight or in a storm. Look'ee, brothers, I am for mutiny as much as any of you, when occasion offers.

Cul.

Cul. Right, brother, all in good season. The pass to our ships is cut off by the troops of the Plantation. We must fight the *Indians* first, and we have a mutiny good afterwards.

Hac. Is *Morano* still with his doxy?

Cul. He's yonder on the right, putting his troops in order for the onset.

Hac. I wish this fight of ours were well over. For, to be sure, let soldiers say what they will, they feel more pleasure after a battle than in it.

Cul. Does not the drum-head here, quartermaster, tempt you to fling a merry main or two?

takes dice out of his pocket.

Hac. If I lose my money, I shall reimburse myself from the *Indians*. I have set.

Cul. Have at you. A nick. *flings.*

Hac. Throw the dice fairly out. Are you at me again!

Cul. I'm at it. Seven or eleven. [*flings*] eleven.

Hac. Furies! A manifest cog! I won't be bubbled, Sir. This would not pass upon a drunken country gentleman. Death, Sir, I won't be cheated.

Cul. The money is mine. D'you take me for a sharper, Sir?

Hac. Yes, Sir.

Cul. I'll have satisfaction.

Hac. With all my heart.

fighting.
S C E N E

SCENE VI.

HACKER, CULVERIN, PYRATES,
MORANO, VANDERBLUFF, &c.

Mor. For shame, gentlemen! [*parting them.*] Is this a time for private quarrel? What do I see! Dice upon the drum-head! If you have not left off those cowardly tools, you are unworthy your profession. The articles you have sworn to, prohibit gaming for money. Friendship and society cannot subsist where it is practis'd. As this is the day of battle, I remit your penalties. But let me hear no more of it.

Cul. To be call'd sharper, captain! is a reproach that no man of honour can put up.

Hac. But to be one, is what no man of honour can practice.

Mor. If you will not obey orders, quarter-master, this pistol shall put an end to the dispute. [*claps it to his head.*] The common cause now requires your agreement. If gaming is so rife, I don't wonder that treachery still subsists among you.

Hac. Who is treacherous?

Mor. *Capstern* and *Laguerre* have let the prince and the stripling you took prisoner escape, and are gone off with them to the *Indians*. Upon your duty, gentlemen, this day depends our all.

Cul. Rather than have ill blood among us, I return
the

the money. I value your friendship more. Let all animosities be forgot.

Mor. We should be *Indians* among ourselves, and shew our breeding and parts to every body else. If we cannot be true to one another, and false to all the world beside, there is an end of every great enterprize.

Hac. We have nothing to trust to but death or victory.

Mor. Then hey for victory and plunder, my lads!

A I R LII. To you fair ladies.

By bolder steps we win the race.

I Pyr. *Let's haste where danger calls.*

Mor. *Unless ambition mend its pace,
It totters, nods and falls.*

I Pyr. *We must advance or be undone.*

Mor. *Think thus, and then the battle's won.*

Chor. *With a fa la la, &c.*

Mor. You see your booty, your plunder, gentlemen. The *Indians* are just upon us. The great must venture death some way or other, and the less ceremony about it, in my opinion, the better. But why talk I of death! Those only talk of it, who fear it. Let us all live, and enjoy our conquests. Sound the charge.

A I R LIII. Prince Eugene's march.

When the tyger roams

And the timorous flock is in his view,

Fury

*Fury foams,
He thirsts for the blood of the crew.
His greedy eyes he throws,
Thirst with their number grows,
On he pours, with a wide waste pursuing,
Spreading the plain with a general ruin,
Thus let us charge, and our foes o'erturn:*

Van. *Let us on one and all!*

I Pyr. *How they fly, how they fall!*

Mor. *For the war, for the prize I burn.*

Van. Were they dragons, my lads, as they sit brooding upon treasure, we would fright them from their nests.

Mor. But see, the enemy are advancing to close engagement. Before the onset, we'll demand a parley, and if we can, obtain honourable terms—— We are overpower'd by numbers, and our retreat is cut off.

SCENE VII.

Enter POHETOHEE, CAWWAWKEE, POLLY, &c., with the Indian Army drawn up against the Pyrates.

Poh. Our hearts are all ready. The enemy halts. Let the trumpets give the signal.

A I R

A I R L I V. The marlborough.

Caw. *We the sword of justice drawing,
 Terror cast in guilty eyes;
 In its beam false courage dies;
 'Tis like lightning keen and awing.
 Charge the foe,
 Lay them low,
 On then and strike the blow.
 Hark, victory calls us. See, guilt is dismay'd:
 The villain is of his own conscience afraid.
 In your hands are your lives and your liberties held,
 The courage of virtue was never repell'd.*

Pyr. Our chief demands a parley.

Poh. Let him advance.

*Art thou, Morano, that fell man of prey?
 That foe to justice?*

Mor. Tremble and obey.

Art thou great Pohetohee styl'd?

Poh. *the same.*

I dare avow my actions and my name.

Mor. Thou know'st then, king, thy son there was my prisoner. Pay us the ransom we demand, allow us safe passage to our ships, and we will give you your lives and liberties.

Poh. Shall robbers and plunderers prescribe rules to right and equity? Insolent madman! Composition
 with

with knaves is base and ignominious. Tremble at the sword of justice, rapacious brute.

A I R LV. Les rats.

Mor. *Know then, war's my pleasure.*

Am I thus controll'd?

Both thy heart and treasure

I'll at once unfold.

You, like a miser, scraping, hiding,

Rob all the world; you're but mines of gold.

Rage my breast alarms:

War is by kings held right-deciding;

Then to arms, to arms;

With this sword I'll force your hold.

By thy obstinacy, king, thou hast provok'd thy fate; and so expect me.

Poh. Rapacious fool; by thy avarice thou shalt perish.

Mor. Fall on.

Poh. For your lives and liberties.

fight, Pyrates beat off.

SCENE VIII.

DUCAT.

Duc. A slight wound now would have been a good certificate; but who dares contradict a soldier? 'Tis your common soldiers who must content themselves with

with mere fighting; but 'tis we officers that run away with the most fame as well as pay. Of all fools, the fool-hardy are the greatest, for they are not even to be trusted with themselves. Why should we provoke men to turn again upon us, after they are run away? For my own part, I think it wiser to talk of fighting, than only to be talk'd of. The fame of a talking hero will satisfy me; the sound of whose valour amazes and astonishes all peaceable men, women, and children. Sure a man may be allow'd a little lying in his own praise, when there's so much going about to his discredit. Since every other body gives a man less praise than he deserves, a man, in justice to himself, ought to make up deficiencies. Without this privilege, we should have fewer good characters in the world than we have.

A I R LVI. Mad Robin.

*How faultless does the nymph appear,
When her own hand the picture draws!
But all others only smear
Her wrinkles, cracks and flaws.
Self-flattery is our claim and right,
Let men say what they will;
Sure we may set our good in sight,
When neighbours set our ill.*

So, for my own part, I'll no more trust my reputation
in

in my neighbours hands than my money. But will turn them both myself to the best advantage.

SCENE IX.

*POHETOHEE, CAWWAWKEE, DUCAT,
INDIANS.*

Poh. Had *Morano* been taken or slain, our victory had been compleat.

Duc. A hare may escape from a mastiff. I could not be a greyhound too.

Poh. How have you dispos'd of the prisoners?

Caw. They are all under safe guard, till the king's justice, by their exemplary punishment, deters others from the like barbarities.

Poh. But all our troops are not as yet return'd from the pursuit: I am too for speedy justice, for in that there is a sort of clemency. Besides, I would not have my private thoughts worried by mercy to pardon such wretches. I cannot be answerable for the frailties of my nature.

Caw. The youth who rescu'd me from these cruel men is missing; and amidst all our successes I cannot feel happiness. I fear he is among the slain. My gratitude interested itself so warmly in his safety that you must pardon my concern. What hath victory done for me? I have lost a friend.

A I R



AIR LVII. Thro' the wood laddy.

*As sits the sad turtle alone on the spray;
His heart sorely beating,
Sad murmur repeating,
Indulging his grief for his consort astray;
For force or death only could keep her away.
Now he thinks of the fowler, and every snare;
If guns have not slain her,
The net must detain her,
Thus he'll rise in my thoughts, every hour with a tear,
If safe from the battle he do not appear.*

Poh. Dead or alive, bring me intelligence of him;
for I share in my son's affliction. *Exit* Indian.

Duc. I had better too be upon the spot, or my men
may embezzle some plunder which by right should
be mine. *Exit.*

Enter Indian.

Ind. The youth, Sir, with a party is just return'd
from the pursuit. He's here to attend your majesty's
commands.

SCENE X.

POHETOHEE, CAWWAWKEE,
POLLY, INDIANS.

Caw. Pardon, Sir, the warmth of my friendship,
if I fly to meet him, and for a moment intercept his
duty. *Embracing.*

AIR

A I R LVIII.

Clasp'd in my dear Melinda's arms.

Pol. *Victory is ours.*

Caw. ————— *My fond heart is at rest.*

Pol. *Friendship thus receives its guest.*

Caw. *O what transport fills my breast!*

Pol. *Conquest is compleat,*

Caw. *Now the triumph's great.*

Pol. *In your life is a nation blest.*

Caw. *In your life I'm of all possess'd.*

Poh. The obligations my son hath receiv'd from you, makes me take a part in his friendship. In your safety victory has been doubly kind to me. If *Morano* hath escap'd, justice only reserves him to be punish'd by another hand.

Pol. In the rout, Sir, I overtook him, flying with all the cowardice of guilt upon him. Thousands have false courage enough to be vicious; true fortitude is founded upon honour and virtue; that only can abide all tests. I made him my prisoner, and left him without under strict guard, till I receiv'd your majesty's commands for his disposal.

Poh. Sure this youth was sent me as a guardian. Let your prisoner be brought before us.

SCENE XI.

*POHETOHEE, CAWWAWKEE,
POLLY, MORANO guarded.*

Mor. Here's a young treacherous dog now, who
hangs

hangs the husband to come at the wife. There are wives in the world, who would have undertaken that affair to have come at him. Your son's liberty, to be sure, you think better worth than mine; so that I allow you a good bargain if I take my own for his ransom, without a gratuity. You know, king, he is my debtor.

Poh. He hath the obligations to thee of a sheep who hath escap'd out of the jaws of the wolf, beast of prey!

Mor. Your great men will never own their debts, that's certain.

Poh. Trifle not with justice, impious man. Your barbarities, your rapin, your murthers are now at an end.

Mor. Ambition must take its chance. If I die, I die in my vocation.

A I R L I X. Parson upon Dorothy.

*The soldiers, who by trade must dare
 The deadly cannon's sounds;
 You may be sure, betimes prepare
 For fatal blood and wounds.
 The men, who with adventrous dance,
 Bound from the cord on high,
 Must own they have the frequent chance
 By broken bones to die.*

Since

*Since rarely then
Ambitious men
Like others lose their breath;
Like these, I hope,
They know a rope
Is but their natural death.*

We must all take the common lot of our professions.

Poh. Would your *European* laws have suffer'd crimes like these to have gone unpunish'd!

Mor. Were all I am worth safely landed, I have wherewithal to make almost any crime sit easy upon me.

Poh. Have ye notions of property?

Mor. Of my own.

Poh. Would not your honest industry have been sufficient to have supported you?

Mor. Honest industry! I have heard talk of it indeed among the common people, but all great genius's are above it.

Poh. Have you no respect for virtue?

Mor. As a good phrase, Sir. But the practicers of it are so insignificant and poor, that they are seldom found in the best company.

Poh. Is not wisdom esteem'd among you?

Mor. Yes, Sir: But only as a step to riches and power; a step that raises ourselves, and trips up our neighbours.

Poh.

K

Poh. Honour, and honesty, are not those distinguish'd?

Mor. As incapacities and follies. How ignorant are these *Indians!* But indeed I think honour is of some use; it serves to swear upon.

Poh. Have you no consciousness? Have you no shame?

Mor. Of being poor.

Poh. How can society subsist with avarice! Ye are but the forms of men. Beasts would thrust you out of their herd upon that account, and man should cast you out for your brutal dispositions.

Mor. *Alexander* the great was more successful. That's all.

A I R LX. The collier has a daughter

*When right or wrong's decided
In war or civil causes,
We by success are guided
To blame or give applauses.
Thus men exalt ambition,
In power by all commended,
But when it falls from high condition,
Tyburn is well attended.*

Poh. Let justice then take her course, I shall not interfere with her decrees. Mercy too obliges me to protect my country from such violences. Immediate death shall put a stop to your further mischiefs.

Mor.

Mor. This sentence indeed is hard. Without the common forms of trial! Not so much as the counsel of a newgate attorney! Not to be able to lay out my money in partiality and evidence! Not a friend perjur'd for me! This is hard, very hard.

Poh. Let the sentence be put in execution. Lead him to death. Let his accomplices be witnesses of it, and afterwards let them be securely guarded till farther orders.

AIR LXI. Mad Moll.

Mor. *All crimes are judg'd like fornication;
While rich we are honest no doubt.*

*Fine ladies can keep reputation,
Poor lasses alone are found out.*

*If justice had piercing eyes,
Like ourselves to look within,
She'd find power and wealth a disguise
That shelter the worst of our kin.*

Exit guarded.

SCENE XII.

POHETOHEE, CAWWAWKEE, POLLY.

Poh. How shall I return the obligations I owe you? Every thing in my power you may command. In making a request, you confer on me another benefit. For gratitude is oblig'd by occasions of making a return: And every occasion must be agreeable,

agreeable, for a grateful mind hath more pleasure in paying than receiving.

Caw. My friendship too is impatient to give you proofs of it. How happy would you make me in allowing me to discharge that duty!

AIR LXII. Prince George.

All friendship is a mutual debt,

Pol. *The contract's inclination:*

Caw. *We never can that bond forget
Of sweet retaliation.*

Pol. *All day, and every day the same
We are paying and still owing;*

Caw. *By turns we grant by turns we claim
The pleasure of bestowing.*

Both. *By turns we grant, &c.*

Pol. The pleasure of having serv'd an honourable man is a sufficient return. My misfortunes, I fear, are beyond relief.

Caw. That sigh makes me suffer. If you have a want let me know it.

Poh. If it is in a king's power, my power will make me happy.

Caw. If you believe me a friend, you are unjust in concealing your distresses from me. You deny me the privilege of friendship; for I have a right to share them, or redress them.

Poh. Can my treasures make you happy?

Pol.

Pol. Those who have them not think they can;
those who have them know they cannot.

Poh. How unlike his countrymen!

Caw. While you conceal one want from me, I feel
every want for you. Such obstinacy to a friend is
barbarity.

Pol. Let not my reflection interrupt the joys of
your triumph. Could I have commanded my thoughts,
I would have reserv'd them for solitude.

Caw. Those sighs and that reservedness are symp-
toms of a heart in love. A pain that I am yet a stranger
to.

Pol. Then you have never been compleatly
wretched.

A I R LXIII. Blithe Jockey young and gay.

Can words the pain express

Which absent lovers know?

He only mine can guess

Whose heart hath felt the woe.

'Tis doubt, suspicion, fear,

Seldom hope, oft' despair;

'Tis jealousy, 'tis rage, in brief

'Tis every pang and grief.

Caw. But does not love often deny itself aid and
comfort, by being too obstinately secret?

Pol. One cannot be too open to generosity; that is
a sun, of universal benignity. In concealing ourselves
from

from it we but deny ourselves the blessings of its influence.

A I R LXIV. In the fields in frost and snow.

*The modeſt lilly, like the maid,
Its pure bloom defending,
Is of noxious dews afraid,
Soon as even's descending.
Clos'd all night,
Free from blight,
It preserves the native white
But at morn unfolds its leaves,
And the vital sun receives.*

Yet why should I trouble your majesty with the misfortunes of so inconsiderable a wretch as I am?

Poh. A king's beneficence should be like the sun. The most humble weed should feel its influence as well as the most gaudy flower. But I have the nearest concern in any thing that touches you.

Pol. You see then at your feet the most unhappy of women. *kneels, he raises her.*

Caw. A woman! Oh my heart!

Poh. A woman!

Pol. Yes, Sir, the most wretched of her sex. In love! married! abandon'd, and in despair!

Poh. What brought you into these countries?

Pol. To find my husband. Why had not the love of virtue directed my heart? But, alas, 'tis outward appearance

appearance alone that generally engages a woman's affections! And my heart is in the possession of the most profligate of mankind.

Poh. Why this disguise?

Pol. To protect me from the violences and insults to which my sex might have expos'd me.

Caw. Had she not been married, I might have been happy. *Aside.*

Pol. He ran into the madness of every vice. I detest his principles, tho' I am fond of his person to distraction. Could your commands for search and enquiry restore him to me, you reward me at once with all my wishes. For sure my love still might reclaim him.

Caw. Had you conceal'd your sex, I had been happy in your friendship; but now, how uneasy, how restless is my heart!

A I R LXV. Whilst I gaze on Chloe.

*Whilst I gaze in fond desiring,
 Every former thought is lost.
 Sighing, wishing and admiring,
 How my troubled soul is tost!
 Hot and cold my blood is flowing,
 How it thrills in every vein!
 Liberty and life are going,
 Hope can ne'er relieve my pain.*

Enter

Enter Indian.

Ind. The rest of the troops, Sir, are return'd from the pursuit with more prisoners. They attend your majesty's commands.

Poh. Let them be brought before us. [*Ex. Ind.*]
Give not yourself up to despair; for every thing in my power you may command. *To Pol.*

Caw. And every thing in mine. But, alas, I have none; for I am not in my own!

SCENE XIII.

*POHETOHEE, CAWWAWKEE, POLLY,
DUCAT, JENNY guarded, &c.*

Jen. Spare my husband, *Morano* is my husband.

Poh. Then I have reliev'd you from the society of a monster.

Jen. Alas, Sir, there are many husbands who are furious monsters to the rest of mankind, that are the tamest creatures alive to their wives. I can be answerable for his duty and submission to your majesty, for I know I have so much power over him, that I can even make him good.

Poh. Why then had you not made him so before?

Jen. I was, indeed, like other wives, too indulgent to him, and as it was agreeable to my own humour, I was loth to baulk his ambition. I must, indeed, own too

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too that I had the frailty of pride. But where is the woman who hath not an inclination to be as great and rich as she can be?

Poh. With how much ease and unconcern these *Europeans* talk of vices, as if they were necessary qualifications.

A I R LXVI. The Jamaica.

Jen. *The sex, we find,
 Like men inclin'd
To guard against reproaches;
 And none neglect
 To pay respect
To rogues who keep their coaches.*

Indeed, Sir, I had determin'd to be honest myself, and to have made him so too, as soon as I had put myself upon a reasonable foot in the world; and that is more self-denial than is commonly practis'd.

Poh. Woman, your profligate sentiments offend me; and you deserve to be cut off from society, with your husband. Mercy would be scarce excusable in pardoning you. Have done then. *Morano* is now under the stroke of justice.

Jen. Let me implore your majesty to respite his sentence. Send me back again with him into slavery, from whence we escap'd. Give us an occasion of being honest, for we owe our lives and liberties to another.

Duc.

Duc. Yes, Sir, I find some of my run-away slaves among the crew; and I hope my services at least will allow me to claim my own again.

Jen. Morano, Sir, I must confess hath been a free liver, and a man of so many gallantries, that no woman could escape him. If *Macheath's* misfortunes were known, the whole sex would be in tears.

Pol. Macheath!

Jen. He is no black, Sir, but under that disguise, for my sake, skreen'd himself from the claims and importunities of other women. May love intercede for him?

Pol. Macheath! Is it possible? Spare him, save him, I ask no other reward.

Poh. Haste, let the sentence be suspended.

Ex. Ind.

Pol. Fly; a moment may make me miserable. Why could not I know him? All his distresses brought upon him by my hand! Cruel love, how could'st thou blind me so?

A I R LXVII. Tweed Side.

*The stag, when chas'd all the long day
O'er the lawn, thro' the forest and brake;
Now panting for breath and at bay,
Now stemming the river or lake;*

When

*When the treacherous scent is all cold,
And at eve he returns to his hind,
Can her joy, can her pleasure be told?
Such joy and such pleasure I find.*

But, alas, now again reflection turns fear upon my heart. His pardon may come too late, and I may never see him more.

Poh. Take hence that profligate woman. Let her be kept under strict guard till my commands.

Jen. Slavery, Sir, slavery is all I ask. Whatever becomes of him, spare my life; spare an unfortunate woman. What can be the meaning of this sudden turn! Consider, Sir, if a husband be never so bad, a wife is bound to duty.

Poh. Take her hence, I say; let my orders be obey'd. *Ex. Jenny guarded.*

SCENE XIV.

*POHETOHEE, CAWWAWKEE, POLLY,
DUCAT, &c.*

Pol. What, no news yet? Not yet return'd!

Caw. If justice hath overtaken him, he was unworthy of you.

Pol. Not yet! Oh how I fear.

AIR

A I R LXVIII. One Evening as I lay.

*My Heart forebodes he's dead,
That thought how can I bear?
He's gone, for ever fled,
My soul is all despair!
I see him pale and cold,
The noose hath stop'd his breath,
Just as my dream foretold,
Oh had that sleep been death!*

S C E N E X V.

POHETOHEE, CAWWAWKEE, POLLY,
DUCAT, INDIANS.

Enter Indians.

Pol. He's dead, he's dead! Their looks confess it. Your tongues have no need to give it utterance to confirm my misfortunes! I know, I see, I feel it! Support me! O *Macheath!*

Duc. Mercy upon me! Now I look upon her nearer, bless me, it must be *Polly*. This woman, Sir, is my slave, and I claim her as my own. I hope, if your majesty thinks of keeping her, you will reimburse me, and not let me be a loser. She was an honest girl to be sure, and had too much virtue to thrive, for, to my knowledge, money could not tempt her.

Poh. And if she is virtuous, *European*, dost thou
think

think I'll act the infamous part of a ruffian, and force her? 'Tis my duty as a king to cherish and protect virtue.

Caw. Justice hath reliev'd you from the society of a wicked man. If an honest heart can recompence your loss, you would make me happy in accepting mine. I hope my father will consent to my happiness.

Poh. Since your love of her is founded upon the love of virtue and gratitude, I leave you to your own disposal.

Caw. What, no reply?

Pol. Abandon me to my sorrows. For in indulging them is my only relief.

Poh. Let the chiefs have immediate execution. For the rest, let 'em be restor'd to their owners, and return to their slavery.

A I R LXIX. Buff-coat.

Caw. *Why that languish!*

Pol. *Oh he's dead! O he's lost for ever!*

Caw. *Cease your anguish, and forget your grief.*

Pol. *Ah, never!*

What air, grace and stature!

Caw. *How false in his nature!*

Pol. *To virtue my love might have won him.*

Caw. *How base and deceiving!*

Pol. *But love is believing.*

Caw. *Vice, at length, as 'tis meet, hath undone him.*

By

By your consent you might at the same time give me happiness, and procure your own. My titles, my treasures, are all at your command.

A I R LXX. An *Italian* Ballad.

Pol. *Frail is ambition, how weak the foundation!
Riches have wings as inconstant as wind;
My heart is proof against either temptation,
Virtue, without them, contentment can find.*

I am charm'd, Prince, with your generosity and virtues. 'Tis only by the pursuit of those we secure real happiness. Those that know and feel virtue in themselves, must love it in others. Allow me to give a decent time to my sorrows. But my misfortunes at present interrupt the joys of victory.

Caw. Fair princess, for so I hope shortly to make you, permit me to attend you, either to divide your griefs, or, by conversation, to soften your sorrows.

Poh. 'Tis a pleasure to me by this alliance to recompence your merits. [*Ex. Caw and Pol.*] Let the sports and dances then celebrate our victory. *Exit.*

DANCE.

A I R LXXI. The temple.

I Ind. *Justice long forbearing,
Power or riches never fearing,
Slow, yet persevering,
Hunts the villain's pace.*

Chor.

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Chor. Justice long, &c.

2 Ind. *What tongues then defend him?
Or what hand will succour lend him?
Even his friends attend him,
To foment the chace.*

Chor. Justice long, &c.

3 Ind. *Virtue, subduing,
Humbles in ruin
All the proud wicked race.
Truth, never-failing,
Must be prevailing,
Falsehood shall find disgrace.*

Chor. Justice long forbearing, &c.

FINIS

THE PELICAN



P R E S S
2, CARMELITE STREET

